THE SURVEY

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The Gist of It

THIS July number of Survey Graphic is half-size. By dint of a skeleton staff, loans at the bank and lopping off not six but twelve sixteen-page forms, this cooperative publishing society of ours hopes to get by the lean summer months. Throughout the three winters of depression we have put our best into service to the hard times. We bend that service to those times now to gather force so that it may spring back as we enter another crucial fall and winter.

THE idea of a socialized capitalism was first put before the public by ALFRED G. MILBANK at a meeting of the Welfare Council of New York City. It attracted so much attention, both from those who heard it as an address and others who saw bits of it in the newspapers, that Survey Graphic gave a hearty welcome to it in its present expanded form. Mr. Milbank's analogy between a planned economic life and the practice of public health administration is particularly striking and apt. Page 293.

POLITICAL revolutions are not in it with good roads and flivvers in opening up remote villages and whole districts to invigorating contacts with both neighbors and tourists from afar. EYLER N. SIMPSON, senior associate in Mexico of the Institute of Current World Affairs, tells (page 298) of the road-building program of the Mexican government. Every mile surfaced has an immediate economic and social value to the Mexicans. It becomes a link in a highway from the States to Mexico City. A link also in that grand dream which is slowly taking form in macadam and concrete—a paved highway over which one day a tourist may drive the whole length of the three Americas from Hudson Bay to Cape Horn.

IN good times the people of Vermont made a living—and were rather looked down upon as unambitious. In bad times they make that same living—and millions envy them. The Vermont way of life intimately described (page 301) by WALTER HARD, who lives it himself in a village which has a winter population of 335 and swells to 1335 in summer when the tourists pour in. He owns Hard's Drug Store, which has been in the family since Civil War Times. And he writes verse as flavorsome as maple sugar and winesap apples. Known for years to readers of the Vermont dailies, it has reached out to new audiences in two recent volumes, Some Vermonters and Salt of Vermont, which have been widely and favorably reviewed.

EASING his Buick cautiously over backwoods roads in the southern Appalachians, JOHN PALMER GAVIT of the staff of Survey Graphic came again on the spectacle of the surviving original Americans on their forlorn little farms, living at a level of "poverty without actual starvation." (Page 304.) And coming into Asheville he happened on the instrument of their salvation—a farmers' cooperative which is improving their stock and marketing it to the tune of a million dollars a year in the insatiable poultry market of New York City.

DO YOU wear white clothes and shoes in summer? Ever thought of painting the top of your auto white? E. P. LYON, dean of the Medical School of the University of Minnesota, tells (page 307) of his explorations with telltale thermometers. Readers of Survey Graphic will recall his pungent article debunking health advertising in the issue of June 1931.

CAN the settlements find in their own neighborhoods the stuff that plays are made of? Drawn from the life of the Irish community that dwells about the "Skookill," written by the leader of the dramatic work at University House, Philadelphia, and put on by the neighborhood players, Safe for Today (page 309) was a colorful feature of the recent conference in Philadelphia of the National Federation of Settlements. FONROSE WAINWRIGHT is chairman of the dramatic division of the Federation.

LAST January we published The Whistle Blows, by Philip L. Ketchum of the Family Welfare Association of Omaha. This plays has since been brought out in half a dozen different parts of the country. Translated into Polish and Italian it was produced by the Men's Club of Chicago Commons, and it was a feature also of the show ironically called The Breadline Follies put on by the men in the Chicago lodging-houses.

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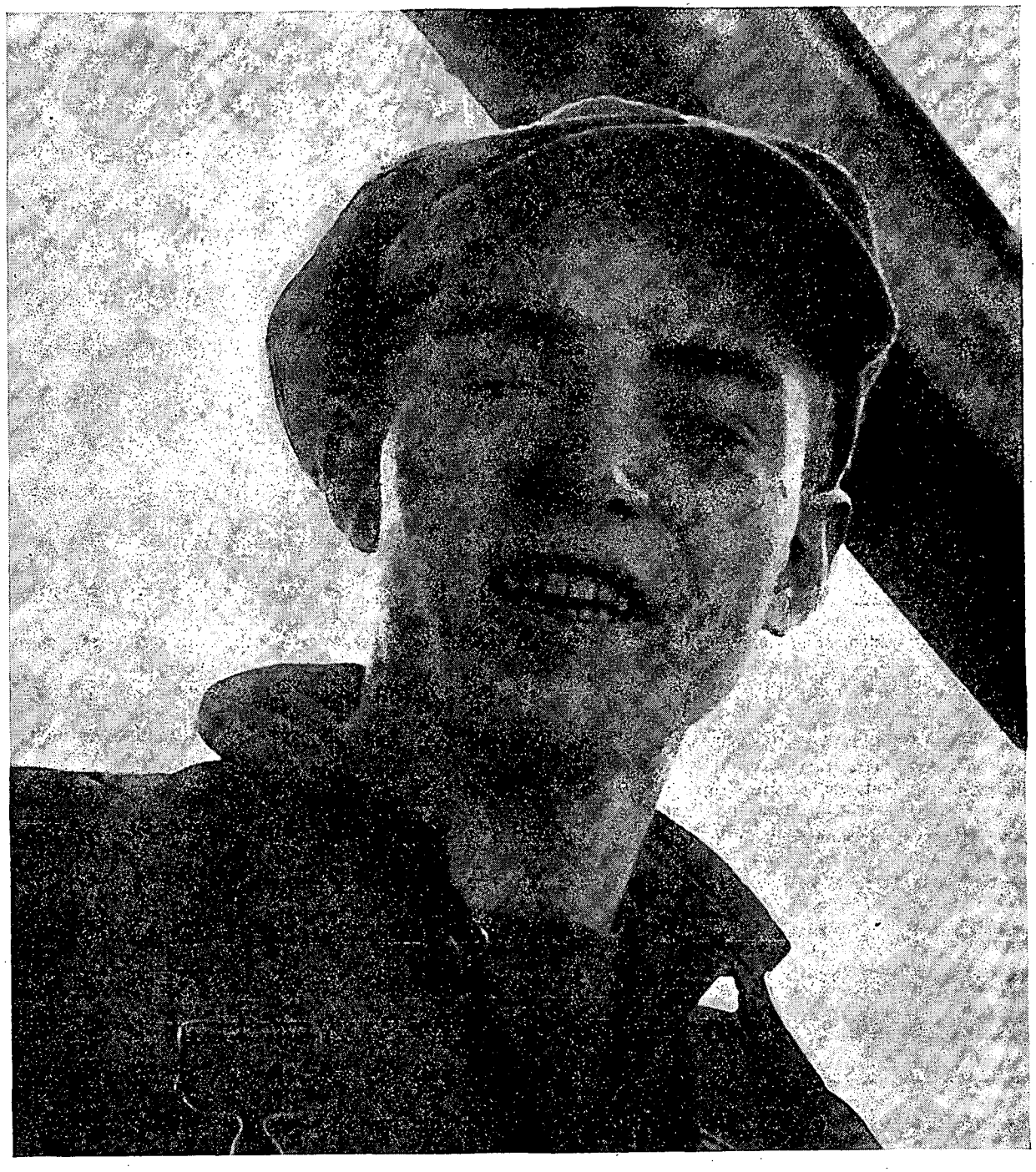

"ME, A ROBOT? GO ON!"

Photograph by Jeannette Griffith

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Socialized Capitalism

By ALBERT G. MILBANK

DURING the early stages of this depression, the comment and discussion which it provoked centered about individuals who had amassed fabulous fortunes only to see them fade away into nothingness—or less; about industries which had grown and flourished only to halt and falter as they groped their way through gloom and uncertainty. A little later inquiring minds began to seek for the cause of what threatened to be a collapse of the whole capitalistic system and many remedies were proposed but most, if not all, of them have been, thus far, of a palliative rather than of a preventive nature.

Still later, as the country became shocked and appalled by the spectacle of unprecedented human suffering, its heart became touched and men began to speak of a spiritual reawakening traceable to adversity. This, in itself, is the most hopeful sign of the time. While the economists are scanning the reports of carloadings and bank clearings, the ordinary man in the street has begun to search his own soul to discover again the truth that the things which are seen are temporal, while the things which are not seen are eternal. But the important question then arises, are the things which are seen and the things which are not seen as incompatible as they are often made to appear?

Can the things which are commonly classed as materialistic and the things which are commonly classed as of social significance be separated into airtight compartments? Does it not become increasingly difficult to mark the line where one leaves off and the other begins?

It is obvious that the social services are closely related to the amount of resources, public and private, available for such purposes. In fact, if the social services outdistance the available resources, they will not only fail to reach their objective but they will become an actual factor in contributing to a breakdown of the economic system upon the continuance of which their very existence depends.

It is equally true that the economic welfare of the country is largely dependent upon the social well-being of its people. A high rate of mortality and morbidity, ignorance and discontent, lack of faith in the intelligence and integrity of those who have assumed leadership—all such factors react unfavorably upon the smooth functioning of the economic system.

The primary motive of the social services is to promote the health, happiness and welfare of the people with no conscious awareness of realizing a pecuniary profit therefrom. Nevertheless, substantial profits to industry have resulted from these social movements. The primary motive of industry is to make profits with very little, if any, conscious awareness of rendering a social service but, in fact, an honestly managed business is an institution of very real social value even if its management is hard-boiled. With each progressive step in the direction of humanizing and socializing its operations it will insure and stabilize its continuous commercial success.

HERE, at the peak—or the slough—of the depression, The Survey begins a series of occasional articles by experienced Americans on the situation in America. Mr. Milbank occupies a unique position in business and social work. A member of the law firm of Milbank, Tweed, Hope & Webb, a director of the Chase National Bank and of the Title Guarantee and Trust Company, and chairman of the board of the Borden Company—he is also president of the Milbank Memorial Fund, vice-president of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, and member of the board of the Welfare Council of New York City.

2 IT IS an instinct of human nature, when in trouble, to look for a scapegoat. In this present crisis, the individual who is most severely censured is the leader of the pre-depression era and the class which feels the full weight of public disapproval is the banking group with the promoters of some of the public utility holding corporations running a close second. This is

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quite understandable. It is partly the banker's own fault. He has been guilty of sins of omission and sins of commission—even as you and I. But his greatest fault is that he was the acclaimed leader during the halcyon days when everybody was "riding high, wide and handsome." American Business Efficiency had long been the object of popular admiration, amounting to reverence. In the combination of mass production and high-powered salesmanship, the American business man thought he had hit upon a magic formula that made American efficiency the idol of the country and the envy and despair of foreign competitors. The American banker had become, in the popular fancy, the high priest of this pagan God.

The professional groups were tolerated as performing, to the best of their limited capacities, certain functions which were more or less auxiliary to making money, which began to be looked upon as the Main Purpose of Life.

It had become customary for the public to refer to the lawyers as too legalistic, meticulous and wedded to precedents; to the doctors as too reactionary and as sometimes more concerned with questions of professional ethics than with the condition of their patients; to the ministers as too much concerned with questions of doctrine and the forms of worship, and too out of touch with modern thought; to the social workers as pseudo-scientists—meddling in affairs which they did not understand. But the faults and foibles of all these groups were treated by the public with generous tolerance for the activities of none of them threatened harm to the Main Purpose of Life. After all, these professional groups were only sideshows and had no real place in the big top.

But it was a different matter when the banker—regarded as the apotheosis of the deified American business man—began to fumble and falter. When it became painfully evident that he could not save himself, much less save others, then indeed had the mighty fallen and great was the fall thereof!

Now let us be fair. From time immemorial leaders have been no more or no less than the products of their times. I am not speaking of the moral and spiritual leaders of the world. They present the strange paradox of appearing to be in conflict with their environment, but in revealing the sordidness of that environment and in rekindling the divine spark, they too are in a very real sense products of their times.

Greed has been one of the besetting sins of the world since Adam coveted the apple in the Garden of Eden. After the World War there was a revulsion from idealism and a demand for a return to normalcy. As the New Era got under way this sense of acquisitiveness grew stronger and stronger, feeding upon its own success. Men and women were not only well paid for the services they rendered, but they doubled, tripled and quadrupled their legitimate income by the simple expedient of opening a margin account on a rising market and getting something for nothing.

But remember, even in those days there were individual leaders, including bankers and business men who, unheeded, sounded notes of warning and of alarm. But the pack had tasted blood and was in full cry.

There were also leaders, it is true, who should have been aware early in 1929 that the balloon of prosperity had begun to show small punctures. Had it been allowed to come down to earth for repairs no great harm would have been suffered by it or by a host of more or less innocent bystanders. But instead, there were some leaders who did all they could to push up the balloon still higher by injecting into it blasts of hot air, so that when its extended fabric could no longer stand the strain, the noise of its collapse was heard all around the world.

For the past hundred years we have been creating an industrial civilization. It has brought with it unbelievable comforts and material benefits to the mass of the people, but just as we were reaching a point when poverty was to be banished from the face of the earth, this beneficent creature disconcertingly assumed the malevolent form of a Frankenstein monster which threatens to destroy us not by a paucity but by a plethora of material wealth. What price leadership in the face of such bitter disillusionment?

3 IS THE Capitalistic System doomed? Is Socialism to take its place?

These questions are being asked all over the world and the replies, perplexing in their variety, range from a vigorous negative to a militant affirmative. Proposals and counter-proposals pass before our eyes in bewildering confusion while charges and counter-charges fill the air.

We are reminded that in times of prosperity when we ought to be saving, we spend to the point of extravagance, and that in times of adversity when we ought to be spending, we save to the point of hoarding.

We are told that the collapse of Europe caused the collapse in this country and that until Europe recovers we cannot recover, but we are also told that we hold in our own hands the key to Europe's recovery by a revision of reparations and intergovernmental debts and by a revision of tariffs and that we will not unlock the door that leads to world recovery.

We look with amazement and satisfaction upon the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey in double harness, pulling the ship of state in the right direction so long as relief measures engage the attention of Congress, but we then see with dismay a new animal, said to resemble a jackass rabbit, bound into the Congressional arena and, rending the air with a strange sound that is neither trumpeting nor braying but is reminiscent of both, cut the towline and pull the government barge in the wrong direction when the more fundamental subject of balancing the national budget comes up for action. We are told that this is the final piece of evidence, if any more be needed, that Democracy does not work, that a representative form of government does not represent, and that a dictatorship or something that approaches it is the only thing which will forestall anarchy and chaos. But before we can think up a pat reply to that statement, we are asked whether we are prepared to throw overboard, just because we are in the doldrums, a political institution which has served reasonably well in the past and which is based upon the high ideals of liberty and freedom.

While we pause to consider this viewpoint, our own conscience begins to ask some troublesome questions. Even though the revolt of the jackass rabbit does not represent sound financial thought—even though it does not represent any rational intellectual process, even though it is shot through with cheap politics, is it not conceivable that it does represent an emotional revolt against an economic system

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wherein a self-seeking individualism played an exaggerated part and wherein social obligations were too much neglected?

The slogan, "Soak the rich," was not raised at this session of Congress for the first time. It has been heard before. It will be heard again. It will not be quieted by pointing out that this depression has already soaked the rich—soaked them so long and so hard that they have shrunk beyond recognition. It will not suffice to remind those gripped in this emotional revolt that England's attempt to take away property from the "haves" and to redistribute it among the "have-nots" succeeded only in taking away the property from the "haves" and from the "have-nots" as well.

There are those who say that this depression is like all the others which have preceded it; that it is an unpleasant incident that will pass as the others have passed, and that in due time another will come and pass away and so on *ad infinitum*. But there are many who believe that there is something more elemental and fundamental in this world-wide catastrophe and that out of it will emerge something infinitely better—or something infinitely worse.

There is a persistent demand for an economic plan—a plan that will stabilize industry, prevent unemployment, maintain a healthy balance between production and consumption, smooth out the peaks and valleys which alternately elate the country to the point of intoxication only to deflate it again to the point of melancholia.

In such a maelstrom of mental and emotional confusion it is doubtful whether any man, or any group of men, is wise enough to produce a plan which, like Pallas Athena springing full-armed from the forehead of Zeus, will solve the world's political, economic and social ills. At best it will be a slow and tedious process that will grope its way, haltingly and hesitatingly, toward its ultimate objective. This is not a counsel of despair but rather a challenge to re-examine fundamental principles and observe wherein they have been lost sight of and how they may be recaptured.

While we are confronted with the sorry spectacle of a breakdown in our political and economic life, it is refreshing to turn our minds toward the notable accomplishments in the social field. The investment in that field has maintained its value in a world of crumbling prices. It has continued to pay dividends in terms of human health and happiness in contrast to a depressing record of omitted dividends and defaulted coupons.

Take, for example, the solid and enduring accomplishments in the field of public health and of preventive medicine. Those accomplishments are based, not so much upon a social plan, as upon an intelligent development of sound principles. What are some of those principles and can they be applied to the political and economic patient?

At the heart and kernel of the public health movement lies the idea of prevention. Public health is essentially preventive rather than curative. Social maladjustments, insofar as they originate in preventable organic and mental diseases, are attacked at the source. Is it not worth while to consider whether social madadjustments which originate in preventable economic diseases may not also be attacked at the source?

Private charity and the expenditure of public funds on a vast scale to minimize, after the damage is done, the suffering of the victims of a self-seeking individualism, should be just as much outmoded as the old-fashioned and discarded concept that the sole *raison d'être* of the medical profession is to cure human maladies. Funds to furnish work and home relief to the unemployed, measures such as the National Credit Corporation, the Reconstruction Finance Corporation and the Glass-Steagall Bank Credit Act, are to be commended for, when the economic system fails to function, remedial measures must be resorted to, just as the ailing individual needs the ministration of his physician. But a medical profession which considered that it had discharged its complete duty to the community when it had prescribed remedies to those who are sick in mind or in body and which gave no constructive thought to measures calculated to conserve the health of the community, would fail utterly in its higher obligations to society.

The second fundamental principle upon which has been reared an enduring social structure, is cooperation. The activities of voluntary agencies in the health field have been placed at the disposal of the health officers of the nation, state, county and municipality, and by combining the knowledge, experience, efforts and resources of public and private agencies into a coordinated and cooperative program, notable progress has been made in reducing the incidence of death and disease. Cooperation should be one of the fundamental principles upon which to rear an improved political and economic order.

The time has come when cooperative agreements between competitors which have an economic and social justification should be sanctioned by law. The penalties of the law should be reserved for those who, for their own benefit, abuse this right to cooperate. This was the fundamental principle underlying that branch of the common law which dealt with the evils of monopoly. Our trouble arose, as it has on so many occasions, when we attempted to legislate a sound legal principle into an unsound statutory declaration of that principle.

A third fundamental principle upon which developments in the field of health have been based, is the growing recognition of the importance of the emotional complexes in determining human behavior. We like to think of ourselves as rational beings. As a matter of fact, it is our emotions rather than our reasoning which chiefly influence our action. Fear and courage, hate and love, greed and generosity move men and women to do amazing deeds of good and of evil.

Any economic plan which ignores the emotional complexes of human nature is bound to fail. For example, we are too inclined to say "Don't"—not only to say it, but to rush to the legislature to embody the don'ts in innumerable statutes designed to make men behave like plaster saints with the inevitable result of making them behave like human devils.

Another fundamental principle observed by medical leaders is to isolate and treat the ailing tissue and not to commit mayhem on the entire body. In the political field the tendency seems to be, when an abuse appears in the economic or social life of the country, to strike at the whole system of which the abuse is only a separable feature. Two obvious examples of this are found in the Prohibition Law and the Sherman Law.

There was a general public disgust with the evils of the saloon but instead of dealing with this subject as the English have done with relation to their pub, and in contrast with the way in which Canada handled this problem, we

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attempted to sweep away the whole custom of drinking alcoholic beverages. The Sherman Law grew out of an emotional revolt against the indefensible practices of big business of the period prior to 1890 and trust-busting became the popular sport of politicians but, in spite of this and in spite of the prosecutions which were accelerated during President Roosevelt's term, mergers and consolidations have continued, and the Supreme Court finally had to read into the Sherman Law the "rule of reason," which is about as far as the Court can go until the Act is amended.

Still another fundamental principle which is of the very warp and woof of the public health movement, is founded upon the basic concept which inspires it and gives it vitality. Its purpose is to promote the health, happiness and welfare of the people. It is not consciously self-seeking but unanticipated economic advantages have developed as by-products of its activities. To take but one example, it has been estimated that for every dollar spent in the anti-diphtheria campaign conducted by the commissioner of health of New York City, three dollars of the taxpayers' money was saved in actual out-of-pocket expenses for medical, medicinal, hospital and nursing care. By the same token, business will serve its own interests by broadening its purposes to include social objectives as well as profits.

The profit motive always has been and, within the predictable future, will continue to be the strongest incentive in industry. Too often, however, it has been construed to mean maximum profits within a minimum time. This has produced the feast-or-famine experiences of business which are noticeably finding less favor. It is now becoming convincingly clear that the buying power of the community is just as essential to profits as low-cost mass production and distribution, which were thought to be all sufficient.

4 PREDICTIONS by the extremists of the collapse of Capitalism are probably as far from realization as are the hopes of some of the old guard that the exaggerated individualism of the pre-depression era will be restored. It would not be surprising if the future historian characterized 1928-29 as one of the most harmful and demoralizing periods of the modern industrial age, nor would it be surprising if the future historian pointed to this period of worldwide depression as one of the most needed and salutary periods in modern industrial history.

The progress of socialistic thought in the past twenty-five years, whether it be of the bright red variety finding its expression in Russian Communism, or of the less vivid tones found in other countries, is a factor which intelligent men cannot ignore. It has made its influence felt upon capitalistic thought and action and will continue to affect the thought and action of the world, including those who by temperament and by environment are its most violent opponents.

It is equally true, however, that the Communism of Russia, as preached and practiced in 1917 and for some years thereafter, has felt the impact of capitalistic influences. The Union of Soviet Republics has been borrowing back capitalistic practices which the revolutionary leaders of 1917 spurned and discarded. Those theoristic leaders failed to take into account certain inherent traits of human nature. The individual will refuse to remain a pawn to be moved about at will, whether that will be exercised by a State which unduly suppresses the individual, or by a capitalistic system which unduly ignores its social obligation.

It is high time that we explore the possibility of whether the virtues of the two schools may not be combined into a workable scheme that will provide a better foundation than either one of them alone upon which to build an improved economic and social order.

Starting with the premise that Socialism in its extreme form destroys some of the finest and most useful qualities in the individual and that Capitalism in its extreme form makes the individual a predatory animal rather than a social being, let us spend but little time on the suggestion to scrap the existing order and let us turn our thoughts upon the rehabilitation of the capitalistic system. The purpose of such rehabilitation would be (1) to humanize, (2) to mutualize, (3) to stabilize and (4) to socialize industry.

Humanizing the business machine is of great importance. Men and women in industry are not robots. Their sensibilities and aspirations, their hopes and fears, are factors which should be taken into account. The personnel director has been accorded an increasingly definite post in every well managed corporation. His opportunities for greater usefulness and in many directions which do not necessarily involve the spending of money, are difficult to estimate.

The life insurance companies which have mutualized their businesses, have demonstrated their social value to an amazing degree and many other corporations have proved the value to the owners, to the employes and to the community, in devising ways and means to enable employes to become stockholders.

In stabilizing the capitalistic system it would be wise at the outset to consider changing the rules of the game. For years competition was referred to as the "life of trade." More recently, as its wasteful aspects and its harmful effects on all efforts to maintain a healthy balance between production and consumption become more clear, it is more often referred to as the "death of trade." With production and consumption reasonably balanced, other social and economic changes as, for example, the five-day week, might naturally develop—all or many of which appear to be wholly impractical under the existing competitive system.

If cooperation is permitted, the public must, of course, be protected against the abuse of that power. How shall that be done? In our political-economic philosophy we seem thus far to have found but one answer to this question, namely, governmental regulation. The deplorable condition of our railroads, which admittedly is due in very large part to over-regulation, does not encourage us to place industry generally under that type of handicap. Such success as has attended the operation of the public utility companies in spite of regulation by state commissions, is due to the fact that, by reason of the very nature of the service they render, they enjoy a complete monopoly in the districts in which they operate. This is not true as to the railroads which are still subject to competitive conditions and would be still less true in the case of that vast array of industries now on a competitive basis, even though powers were conferred upon them to make agreements for certain specified purposes.

Regulation, as applied to business generally, would result in a staggering growth of bureaucracy, in the introduction of politics into business and would be predicated upon the wholly unjustified assumption that the regulatory bodies would be composed of men of super-wisdom and free from

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those traits which afflict human nature generally. We may proceed more safely on the assumption that the average man prefers to live within the law and that if he is tempted to violate it he does so reluctantly, only when he finds some statute branding a sensible course of procedure as illegal or criminal. The great majority of business men will be deterred from adopting a questionable course of action if they know that publicity will be given to their acts and that they cannot defend themselves before the forum of public opinion. There will be a relatively insignificant group who care nothing for public opinion and will be deterred only by the risk of imperilling either their property or their persons. If, therefore, the present legal restraints on cooperative efforts are relaxed by permitting agreements among competitors to conserve natural resources and to maintain a reasonably profitable balance between production and consumption, such permission should be subject to the requirement that attested copies of such agreements be filed with the Federal Trade Commission.

Modification of the Sherman Law to permit such agreements should be of limited duration and adopted as an emergency measure. Its value, aside from affording emergency relief, however, would be found in making available to Congress, pending its further investigation of the Anti-Trust Acts, a record of actual business experiences under a limited cooperative system.

From the standpoint of the public interest, no safer time could be found in which to try out such an experiment. Business is flat on its back. Even if Congress should declare a three-year moratorium on the Anti-Trust Laws without imposing any special safeguards, the practical risk to the public would be negligible. If, however, Congress being naturally as suspicious of business as business is of Congress, is unwilling even to take a negligible risk, it would not be difficult to limit the right to enter into such cooperative agreements to those companies which, during the pendency of the agreements, are earning a smaller percentage of net profit in relation to their gross sales, than their average percentage over a given period of, say, five years.

In the socialization of industry, I am not thinking of nationalization nor of other radical proposals but rather of an evolution of measures already adopted. Unemployment reserves should be the next step. It should be a contributory system in which both employer, out of profits when earned, and employe, out of wages when received, shall participate. If compulsion is necessary I hope it will take the form of making such a thrift system a condition of doing business and a condition of employment, rather than a compulsory state-managed and state-financed system. Whatever system may be adopted, one of its primary purposes should be to provide an incentive to the employer to stabilize employment. It is also essential that the reserve funds accumulated through contributions by employer and employe should not be invested in the business but preferably in obligations of the United States government.

Had five per cent of the net profits of industry been set aside during the five-year period from 1925-29, and had this sum been augmented by employe contributions equivalent to two per cent of the aggregate payroll, it is estimated reserves would have been accumulated to the amount of at least five billion dollars, which would have been of inestimable value to meet conditions of unprecedented unemployment and of dire distress from which the country is now suffering.

Those who are most fertile and vocal in suggesting remedies and reforms are, as a rule, most inexperienced in the technique of business and financial affairs, while those who know what can be done and what cannot be done with an economic machine which has been assembled with painstaking care over many generations are, as a rule, inarticulate. This is due in part to the fact that they can see the difficulties which are obscured to the uninitiated, and in part to the fact that any proposal put forward by a representative of Wall Street is no sooner uttered than it is met with the peremptory retort of the Queen of Hearts in Alice, "Off with his head!"

More progress would be made if pride and prejudice were laid aside and discussion focussed on the merits of specific proposals irrespective of their origin. Sound proposals could thus be worked out that would meet with general approval —by some because it was a practical application of the Golden Rule, by others because it was an act of social justice and by still others because it was good business.

5

THE gravest problem which is confronting us today is not economic bankruptcy, threatening as that is, but moral bankruptcy, which seems even more imminent. The necessity for a radical change of viewpoint amounting to a spiritual rebirth, lies at the very root of the nation's problems. I am not speaking of a religious revival nor am I speaking of the moral lapses of the individual to which, in one form or another, all of us must occasionally plead guilty. I am speaking of those sins against society which we Americans are too inclined to ignore or condone if the sinner is smart enough to be rated a "successful" man. The leader of organized crime who exploits the corruptibility of those charged with the duty of maintaining law and order is becoming bolder as he spreads his racketeering tentacles over an ever widening circle of human activities. The political leader who looks upon public office not as a public trust but as an opportunity to line his own pocket, becomes more and more a menace to the community. The business leader who forgets the fact that his very position imposes upon him a fiduciary responsibility becomes a threat to the economic order upon the maintenance of which the success of the whole capitalistic system depends.

These are the sins against society, which, though they differ in degree, are all of a kind in the sense that they spring from the same source—human greed—and lead to the same goal—moral bankruptcy.

The greatness of a nation depends in the last analysis not so much upon its leaders as upon the character of its people. If its people are selfish, avaricious, hypocritical and materialistic, even though they be industrious and progressive, its leaders will reflect the national traits and that nation will in time go the way of all flesh. If, on the other hand, its people, besides being industrious and progressive, show enlightened self-interest instead of selfishness; temper their legitimate and rightful ambitions with such self-control as is required by ordinary standards of fair dealing; if they are mentally as well as morally honest—and if they substitute a practical idealism for an uninspired and uninspiring materialism, the leaders will likewise reflect the national character and that country will go on to its rightful destiny.

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Motor to Mexico Mañana

By EYLER N. SIMPSON

THERE is a revolution in the making in Mexico! Bondholders, good-willers, bankers and other friends of peace need not take alarm, however, nor should newspapers and armament-makers lick their chops in anticipation of good fishing in troubled waters. For this time, generals, machine guns, executions at dawn and the other customary appurtenances of what we have been led to believe is Mexico's favorite outdoor sport, will be conspicuous by their absence. In their places as instruments and incidents of warfare will be the lowly *Fordcito,* the ubiquitous *estación de gasolina,* and even, it is to be feared, that international nuisance, the dispensary of *perros calientes* (yes, "hot dogs"); the battlefield will be the long shining miles of Mexico's new highways—completed, almost completed, and to be completed *mañana.*

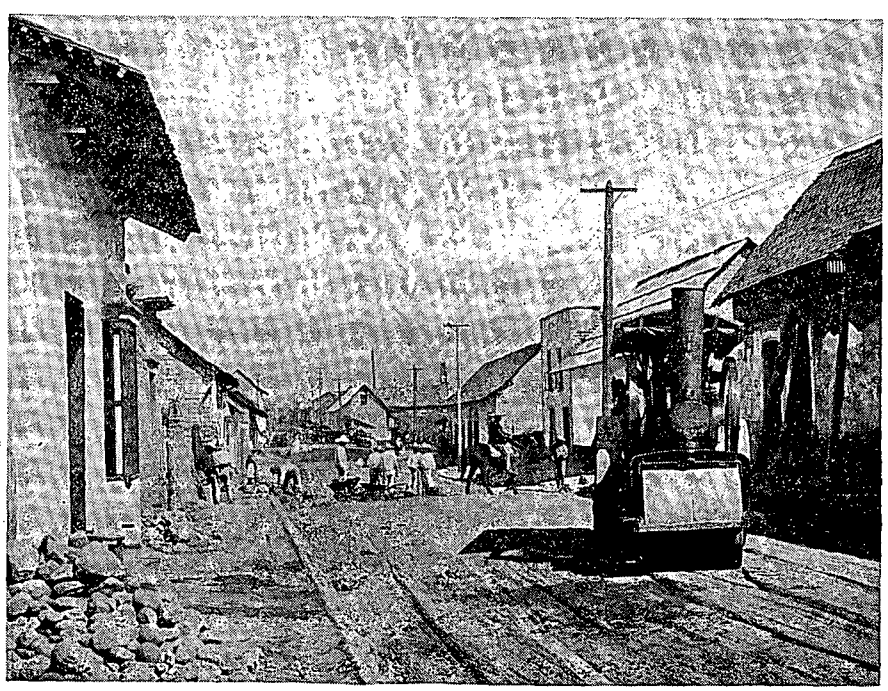
But let's begin this story at the beginning. When the Mexican National Highway Commission was established in 1925, it was faced with a tremendous problem. During the 400 years of Spanish rule, Mexico enjoyed what, with few exceptions, were perhaps the worst roads on record. The failure of the colonial government to deal adequately with the problem of highways was followed by 100 years of cumulative neglect by the national government and to all this, as if the cup of bad roads in Mexico were not already full and overflowing, had been added ten years and more of political revolution and general social and economic upheaval.

According to Ing. León Salinas, "at the beginning of the year 1925 the only roads in existence in Mexico passable in all seasons were those from Mexico City to Toluca, from Mexico City to Cuernavaca and certain sections of the road between Cuernavaca and Acapulco—in all hardly more than 150 kilometers [90 miles] on which, due to the lack of pavement, steep grades and other bad conditions, traffic could be maintained only with the greatest difficulty." For a country with an area of 762,000 squares miles and a population some 16,000,000 certainly, from the modern point of view in such matters, it would be hard to imagine a more deplorable state of affairs in what Aldous Huxley would call the Era of Our Ford.

In the five years from 1925 to 1930 (the latest year for which figures are available), the National Highway Commission spent over 58,500,000 pesos with the result that some 634 kilometers (380.4 miles) of highways were surfaced and about 631 kilometers (372.6 miles) were paved. In addition several thousand kilometers were reported as being "provisionally" opened to traffic.

The construction program of the National Highway Commission has been concentrated on the building of four principal highways. Two of these major highways cut the country transversely from coast to coast, while the other two run longitudinally, roughly paralleling each coast, from the border with the United States to Mexico City and from thence in a single line to the frontier with Guatemala.

THE interest of most people in the United States, stimulated no doubt by the recent flood of books on Mexico, is centered on the so-called Laredo-Mexico City highway. And well might this be the case, for when this 770 mile stretch is finished, there will be opened to the motor tourist new worlds to conquer which for beauty, romance, contrast and all the other things which travel agencies list in their seductive propaganda, it will be hard to equal on the North American continent. But, my dear prospective American tourist, don't get excited by these glowing words and run out to crank up the old bus, for the Laredo-Mexico City highway is not quite ready for the likes of you. It is true that "we" Mexicans (and a few other hardy souls) who don't mind discomfort or spending the night with our cars tied to a tree to keep them from sliding off into the *barranca,* or sitting patiently in a mud hole while we wait a day or so for someone to come along and pull us out, can and have driven the whole route (during the dry season) from the border to the capital. But do not be misled by such deeds of daring.



A new revolution in the making—a highway passing through a village

You can drive in the greatest comfort over the well paved section of some 140 miles from Laredo to Monterrey. With

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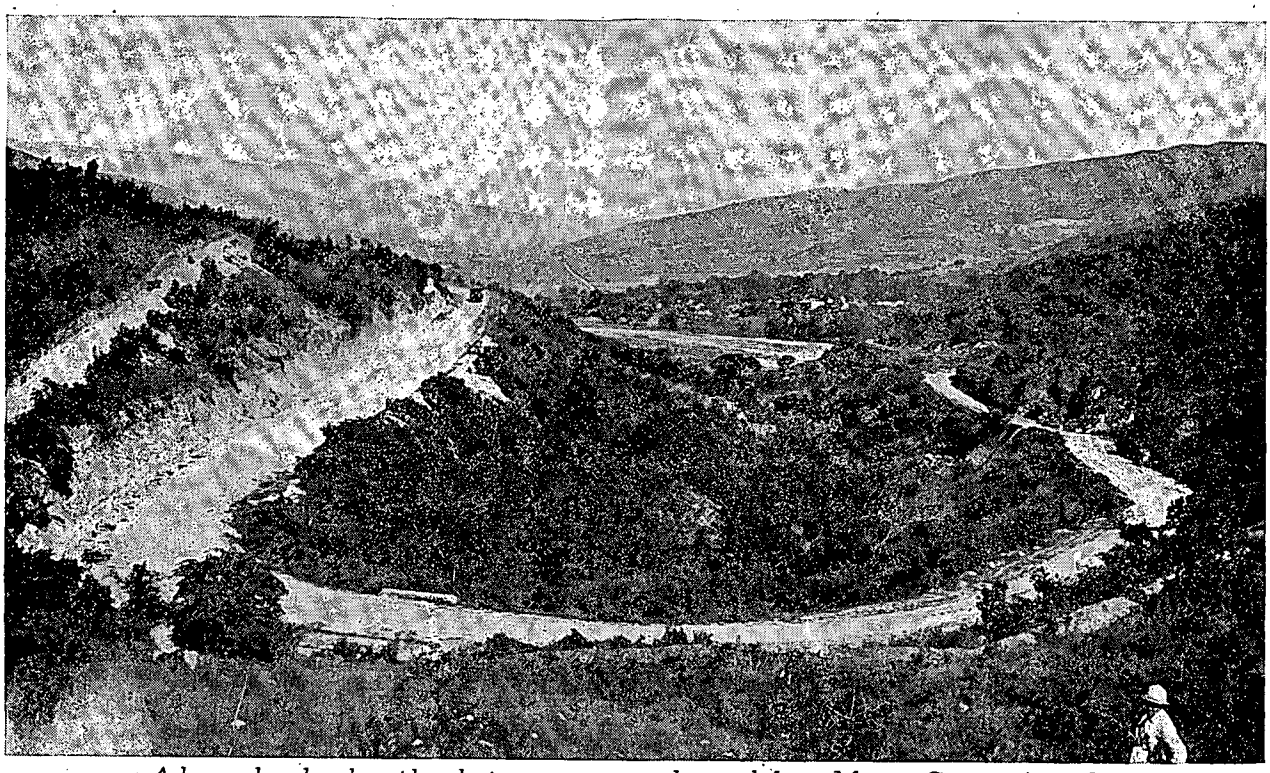

A horse-shoe bend amidst glorious scenery on the road from Mexico City to Acapulco

a little less comfort you may go on down another 170 miles over a good graveled road to Ciudad Victoria. But at this point your troubles begin in the shape of: "Danger! Steep Grade," "Detour—Road Under Construction," "Careful!—No Room for Passing Another Car for 'Umpteen' Miles," "Bridge Under Construction—Use Ferry" (if you can find it)—and so on, including about 150 miles of the most awe-inspiring but at the present writing most dangerous mountain road in existence.

The National Highway Commission is pushing the work on the Laredo-Mexico City highway as rapidly as resources in men and money will permit. Millions of pesos are being spent and thousands of workmen are being employed and "it won't be long now" until the road will be ready for all comers. But just how long will depend upon political, economic and other forces the action of which no man can predict with certainty. Perhaps at the end of this year, but more likely (the depression, you know!) it will be some time next year.

The complete route of the other main highway from the United States border to Mexico City has not yet been determined. Some have argued for a road beginning at Nogales, skirting the Pacific Coast for a thousand miles or more and then cutting south and east to Guadalajara, Morelia, Toluca and Mexico City. Others have urged a more or less straight drop from El Paso (Juárez) to Chihuahua, Durango, Aguascalientes and Guadalajara and thence across to Mexico City. Eventually perhaps both of these roads will be built; both are under study at present with the odds in favor of the latter. Meantime work has begun on the section from Mexico City to Guadalajara.

Of the two transverse highways the southern one connecting Mexico City with Veracruz and Acapulco is much further advanced than the northern road running from Matamoras on the Gulf Coast to Mazatlan on the Pacific Coast. The Mexico City-Acapulco section of the southern tranverse highway is already paved as far as Cuernavaca (c. 45 miles) and surfaced the remaining distance. On the Veracruz side, paving extends from Mexico City to Puebla (c. 79 miles) and the rest of the road is in the process of being surfaced.

What will these new highways, plus the many other shorter ones of less importance, now under construction, mean for Mexico? "Revolution" was the catchword used at the beginning of this article and, in the opinion of the present writer, revolution it will be, if by that word is meant "a profound and radical change" in the life of the Mexican people.

THE characteristic feature of Mexican culture has been, from time immemorial, social isolation. To this day Mexico is a congery of small folk communities separated one from another by differences in language, customs and habits of thought. It is the essential discontinuity of Mexican culture, produced and enforced through the centuries by the physical barriers of a mountainous terrain, which lies at the base of Mexico's problem of creating a modern and integrated nation. For isolation on the social side carries with it as an almost inevitable consequence both cultural lag and cultural heterogeneity; on the economic side it more often than not means a restricted standard of living and lack of development.

Not long ago the author of this article made a three-weeks' horseback trip through what is known as the Mixteca Alta. This region, located in the high sierras of the states of Guerrero and Oaxaca, is one of the most difficult of access in the southwestern part of Mexico. Walled in by range after range of towering mountains the only means of communication throughout the greater part of the area are narrow and tortuous pack trails. For the most part the people are abjectly poor; agriculture is of the most primitive

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sort; typhoid and smallpox are endemic. If you would know the portent of the highway for Mexico then consider the following paragraph from the author's diary of this trip:

> Last night was the first time since we left Chilpancingo almost three weeks ago that we have seen a wheeled vehicle of any sort or description—and that was an old Chevrolet truck which wouldn't run! Throughout this area, every single object which must be moved from one place to another must perforce be transported either on muleback, horseback or the back of some human being. There are not even any wheelbarrows. The wheel and mechanical power—the bases of modern industrial civilization—do not yet exist for the Mixteca Alta. . . . But already the modern world is knocking at the gates. . . . The network of roads which the government is slowly spreading over the Republic is beginning to have its effect. This morning we actually encountered a truck bumping along in some miraculous fashion over unbelievable roads—and it was loaded with machinery!

Revolution? No, the word is not too strong to indicate the forces for change which Mexico is letting loose in the innocent looking business of blasting rocks, filling up mud holes, digging ditches and all the other back-breaking work which finally results in a long thin ribbon of black macadam road. Stuart Chase might very well warn the inhabitants of his beloved Tepotzlan to sprinkle carpettacks on the new highways. For if present highway projects are carried out, Tepotzlan both as Chase saw it and imagined it, is fated, and with it all Mexico, to changes perhaps more profound than those wrought by any political upheaval in the history of the country.

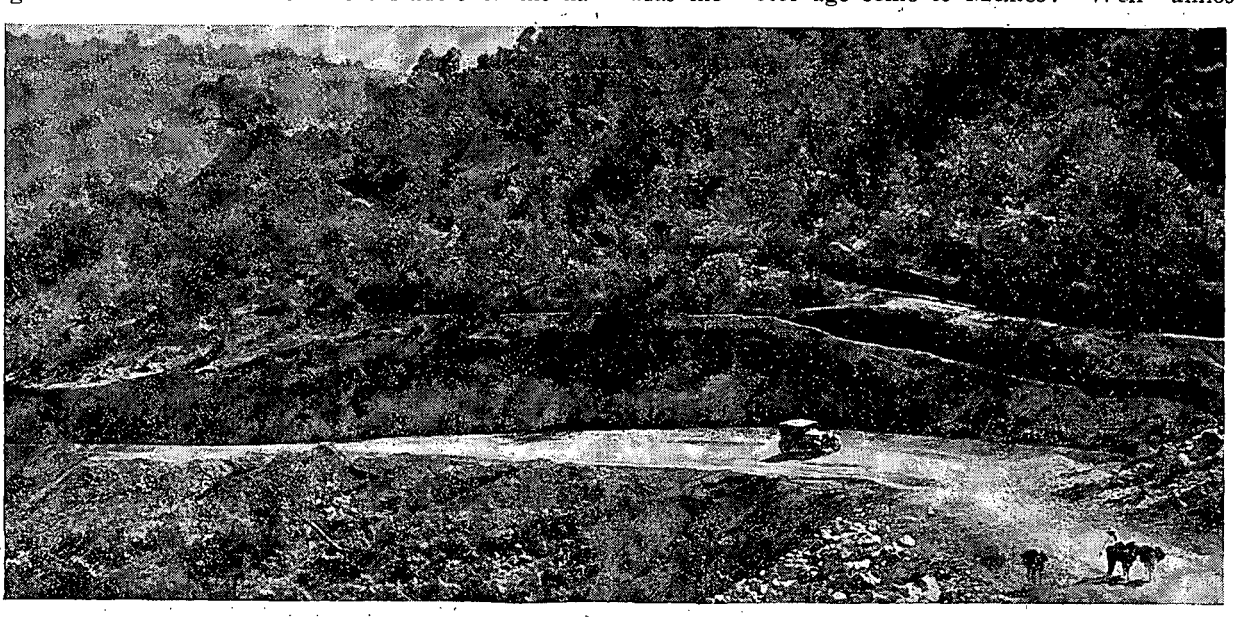
Already on every side one sees life transformed at the magic touch of the highway. Dozens of villages living to all intents and purposes in the Middle Ages or even earlier, find themselves precipitated overnight into the year 1932. Self-dependent villages, isolated and with no other recourse but hunger when the stick-and-hoe system of agriculture breaks down, awaken to a world of markets and interchange of products. Villages whose "mental horizon tends to correspond with their actual physical horizon," whose neighbors a league away are strange people from a strange land, suddenly discover that the miles have melted and that they are not only in touch with each other but with the world.

One only hopes that Mexico by taking thought now, by achieving the vision which some of the leaders of the national planning movement have already obtained, will avoid the worst features of the motor age as it has developed in some parts of the United States.

Mexico has made most commendable progress in a few short years in the business of opening up the country, but the progress which has been made is as nothing compared with what remains to be done. Mexico, as has already been noted, now has some 372 miles of paved and around 380 of surfaced highways, but the state of Texas, for example, with one third the population and area of Mexico, has over 20,000 miles of surfaced roads and more than 6000 miles of paved highways. Or to take another index, Mexico now has registered 84,741 automobiles, or one to every 193 persons; but the little state of New Jersey boasts a car to every 4.7 persons, or 10 times as many automobiles as in the whole of Mexico.

However, Mexico will not long remain in the unenviable (or is it enviable?) position which such invidious comparisons as those just made suggest. The country has undoubtedly become "good-roads conscious" with a vengeance and there is an interest on the part of the people and a determination on the part of the government unusual with reference to public works of the type in question. Along with land for the people and rural schools, "good roads" has been adopted as one of the fundamental planks in the revolutionary doctrine. In view of the fact that the whole burden of the highway program up to the present time has been carried by the proceeds from a tax on gasoline (now about twelve cents a gallon), the amount of money available has been in comparison to the needs of the situation, relatively small. For the past year, however, persistent rumors have been current that the government is in the process of arranging a loan for some $50,000,000 expressly for highway construction. The experience of other countries would seem to indicate that loans of this type are fully justified and would permit a type of development far superior to the present pay-as-you-go policy.

Last year one of the leading newspapers announced in streamer headlines one morning apropos of the annual celebration on the previous day of Mexico's victory over the French in 1862: "More People Killed in Automobile Accidents Yesterday Than in the Battle of the Fifth of May." Has the motor age come to Mexico? Well—almost!



Pack animals, like those used by the Spanish discoverers, share this modern highway with the automobile

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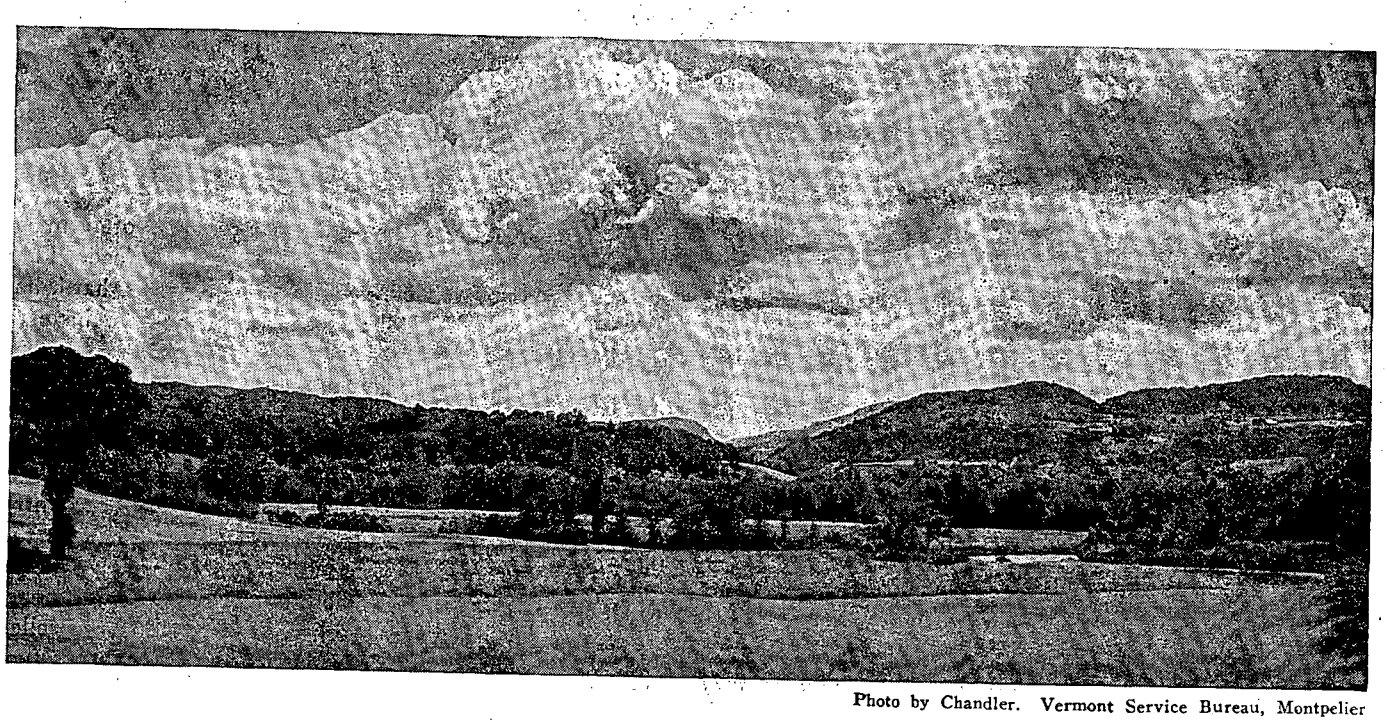

Photo by Chandler. Vermont Service Bureau, Montpelier

Vermont—a Way of Life

By WALTER HARD

TWO or three years ago when we said of a man, "Yes, he's making a living and that's about all," we meant he was really a failure. Now the man who is making a living is not a failure, he is looked upon by many thousands of his fellow-men as one of fortune's greatest favorites.

Generally speaking, the inhabitants of Vermont have always made a living—and that's about all. They did it during the so-called period of prosperity; they are doing it now. It is a kind of living which differs from that in the cities. It follows a more even line; a line without sharp rises and without deep depressions. During the high tide of prosperity which swept over much of the country, Vermont's way of living looked unambitious, smug, provincial, poor. Now it looks good to many people.

What makes it different?

An answer came this morning in a local paper. There was an advertisement which read like this:

> WANTED. To exchange a 2d. hand Chevrolet Coach for a family cow. Exchange.

Let's look this man Exchange up. His case may be more or less typical. It may tell considerable about the way Vermonters live.

He was born on a mountain farm in Vermont thirty-five years ago. He grew up as every farm boy did, with responsibilities in the way of chores, from the time he was able to go about alone. By the time he was sixteen he was an important member of the family as a producer of the necessities of life. He never handled money because there was little of it used. He did handle tools and seeds and crops. He went to the school down the road two miles and learned to read, to write, to figure, and enough about the world to follow its life in the paper his father took. He went into the army with joy because of the chance to see life. He wasn't necessary at home. His father had fought in the Civil War. His great-grandfather on his mother's side had been one of the Green Mountain Boys. His two brothers, one a lawyer in Boston, the other working in New York, could not go to war. They had families. So Exchange kept up the family tradition and volunteered. While he was overseas his father died suddenly and his mother and a young brother went to live near the Boston brother. The farm was sold to a lumber company and Exchange came home to find himself a capitalist to the extent of two thousand dollars, which represented his share of his father's estate.

HIS experiences in France had satisfied his desire to see the world. He wandered around visiting relatives, and then spent some weeks as near the old farm as he could get. He was attracted to the schoolhouse again, but it was nothing as prosaic as matters of education that attracted him this time. The same teacher was there as when he went away to war.

That was thirteen years ago. He bought a small place on the edge of a village of about 800 inhabitants. He bought the twenty-seven acres with a story-and-a-half house, two barns and a chicken house, all in good shape, for two thousand dollars. There was an apple orchard of fifty trees too, but it was badly run down and there was an eight-acre wood lot. He paid twelve hundred dollars down, leaving the rest on mortgage. The next year he brought his bride there. In the twelve years since they have, beside rearing two boys, very much improved the buildings. They have cleaned up the orchard and grafted the old trees so they

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now pay a profit. They have also paid off the mortgage.

Exchange is handy with tools and has always had some carpenter work to do in the village and on neighboring farms. He and his wife have seen to it that some money is saved each month, no matter how little it may be. During the last few years up to the summer of 1931, he has had steady work carpentering for the two or three families who have bought summer places in the village. The high spot in his earnings was 1929 when he worked steadily for a year. Most of the mortgage was paid that year and that year he bought the car.

SOME years he and his family lived entirely on the products of his small farm. Every year they get the larger part of their living from it. There are hens, and Mrs. Exchange raises early chicks to sell as broilers to the summer families and perhaps to the storekeeper or the lawyer. She also sells eggs when the prices are good. When they are cheap she "puts them down" to use for cooking. She also cans enough fowl to allow at least a meal a week during the winter. Of course they raise all of their vegetables. Not only do they have fresh vegetables all summer but the surplus, canned, furnishes the winter supply. Now that the orchard is in bearing they get a cash income from it in addition to the apples they have to eat. They kept a cow up to the year of greatest prosperity when Exchange had a good offer for her, just at the time he found the milking a little too much in addition to his other work.

Now about that car. Of course they had wanted one for some time. They might have afforded it, but not by their standards. They waited until they had the cash and until the spending of it for a car would not curtail anything which was a real necessity. No instalment buying for them. Exchange would buy a car "if he could get it right." Meaning he'd pay so much and no more. He finally bought a car, three years old, with little mileage on it. It had the wear but not the style. He paid $150 for it. His standing in the community was not affected in any way by the fact that it was not as late a model as some of his neighbors drove. It had no social bearing whatever.

That and a new kitchen range were his chief extravagances during his era of greatest prosperity. He banked the rest of his prosperity in a good savings bank.

Last year he had very little carpenter work and since fall he has had none. His cash income has almost ceased except for some wood sold during the winter. This was enough to pay for sugar and flour and for some warm coats for the growing boys.

So we get to the advertisement quoted in the beginning.

His cash income having largely stopped, he proceeds at once to get rid of the car which will run on nothing he can produce. It requires cash to buy gas and oil. He can get along without the car. He and his family may not want to get along without it, but they would be uncomfortable to ride around in something they could not afford. That is habit. It is also tradition. It is Vermont.

Not only does Exchange get rid of the cash-eater but he exchanges it for a producer—a producer of things which will further cut off his demand for cash. The family cow will cut butter from the grocer's bill and milk from the milkman's bill. She will also furnish fertilizer for the land.

It is evident that this man has never been very wealthy and that he never will be. But he will not be without food and shelter for himself and his family, given health and strength. Because there are so many Vermonters in like circumstances, more than elsewhere perhaps, one finds our present crisis much less noticeable.

Not only small farmers who do other things when opportunity offers, but those who make a business of farming, have the same feeling of security as to home and food. They may get very slight money incomes, and they work hard, but they know they will not be ejected nor will they have to receive charity.

Here then is the fundamental difference between Exchange and his brother in the city. The latter works to get cash. With it he buys food and shelter. As soon as his cash income stops, no amount of effort on his part will make it possible for him to produce these necessities. The country dweller, on the other hand, just as Exchange did when the cash income stopped, can raise on the land what he needs to support life. Cash was not absolutely needed by Exchange. It is needed by his urban brother. While the city dweller unfortunately out of work and out of cash, watches his fuel supply gradually dwindle, he knows that he must either be cold or call for help. Exchange, however, takes his axe and goes to his woodlot. He gets a year's supply of fuel without spending a cent of cash except for a small tax, and he sells enough wood to much more than pay that. Of course he has a feeling of security which his brother in the city cannot know.

The dollar has played so little a part in the average Vermonter's daily life that he was not over-excited by the boom years. To be sure things were easier and there is probably a new rug in the parlor and a radio in the sitting-room. Savings bank deposits increased and better care went into some new garages. But there was no temptation to speculate in Wall Street. Their only speculation was on the crops and the weather which always afford enough outlet for the gambling spirit. During all of this period the general plane of living was changed very little. The old habits held fast and the giving up of some of the extras is not so hard now.

YOU remember that Exchange did not lose caste by buying an out-moded car. His wife was not snubbed at the Sewing Society nor did anyone speak of her "niggardly husband." This would be true in almost any village in Vermont. In the suburban community where Exchange's brother lives, all of his friends live in similar houses, drive cars that cost about the same amount, and have about the same incomes. If one gets a considerable increase in income and steps out with a better car, the rest feel bound to follow suit even to the point of uncomfortable stretching of the family budget. But in the country villages one's neighbors are people in various walks of life with incomes only alike in the fact that none of them are very large. Socially they are about as democratic as it is possible to be. Of course the lawyer's house may be steam-heated and the doctor's wife may have "help," but none of them have servants. The few social distinctions are not based on ability to spend money. There is very little temptation to keep up with the Joneses.

It does seem as though the difference in surroundings must make some differences in feeling. Surrounded on all sides by things which man has built, all proclaiming the

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might of his genius and the power of his dollar, even to the highest pinnacle of his highest building, one must get to feel the omnipotence of money. When the money market is in a state of confusion and the business structure shows itself to be far from everlasting, in such surroundings one must feel that the bottom has dropped out of everything. But when one's outlook is on high mountains and deep valleys which have been ages in the making, whose changes are only those of the ordered seasons, man and his dollars seem less important in the scheme of things. When the market falls the countryman sees no sign of it on his landscape. These everlasting hills cannot fail to inspire confidence; to give strength.

It might seem that life in the Vermont hills was all work and no play. There is a contrast between the city and country idea of recreation, but there is no lack of it in either. Probably the countryman spends much less money on his amusements, and as that is one of the things which makes his position desirable just now, we might see just what he does for fun.

During the summer Exchange and his family are busy most of the time. The boys belong to the 4-H Club and always join in any outings they may have. Of course there is a daily swim in the creek on warm days, and some ball-playing in the early evening just before dark. Probably three or four times during the summer Exchange himself will knock off for a half-day to go to see the village ball-team play one of the neighboring towns. Many of the villages have their own teams. He will never fail to go to the County Fair in autumn, taking the family and making a day of it. Then he plays a second cornet in the Citizens Band, and he makes several excursions with it to nearby towns.

During the winter there are plenty of things to occupy the leisure time. Mrs. Exchange is head, this year, of the Parent-Teacher Association which meets fortnightly at the houses of the members. Her teaching experience makes her a valuable connection between teachers and parents. Then on the alternate weeks the Grange meets. There are frequent suppers at the church and a series of lectures and entertainments from a Lyceum Bureau, under the auspices of the Grange. To most of these things Mr. Exchange goes and some, the boys are allowed to attend. Then he has weekly band rehearsal and choir practice on Friday nights. The evenings at home he spends in reading the paper, his agricultural magazine, and probably a dozen books from the library during the course of the winter. Mrs. Exchange belongs to a magazine club and her reading is usually confined to the four magazines which come each month, and special articles and books which have to do with her Parent-Teacher Association work.

OYES, there are moving pictures once a week and the boys manage to get together enough money to go once in a while. Most of the entertainment, however, is home talent. For instance, the same paper which had the advertisement which we have used as a text, had an account of a series of tableaux, a Washington celebration, given in the town hall, in which the Exchange family all took part. The boys danced in the minuet. Their mother was Martha Custis, and Exchange himself played in the orchestra. The doctor, the lawyer, the merchant, farmers, laborers, mechanics—all classes and various members of their families were in the cast, and working with them and directing was a writer of international fame who happens to be their fellow townswoman. Just look over the players in the impromptu orchestra. A farmer; a college student, son of the rector; a barber; a laborer; an insurance agent; a hotel keeper; a truck driver; and a farmer's wife at the piano. And the leader, a regular resident of the village who happens to write symphonic music which is played by the best orchestras here and abroad. The highest priced seats were 50 cents. There are no ticket scalpers.

Usually after such a performance the floor is cleared and there is a dance. And there again you'll find all ages and all walks in life represented. Grandma may be sedately stepping the Portland Fancy in a set while opposite her grandson swings his best girl.

THE fundamental difference between the city and country kind of recreation lies in the fact that the latter is largely the product of one's own efforts. It is not a matter of taking a few, and not so few at that, dollars, and going out to be amused. It requires a minimum of cash outlay and it derives much of its fun from the labor put into it. Of course some of the communities have permanent dramatic organizations which do serious work. They often have their own playhouse. As a rule, however, it is all just for fun, and it certainly is fun—the kind that re-creates.

Perhaps it would be unfair to leave out mention of schools, for in Vermont life education plays a very important part. Suffice it to say that Exchange and his wife are more interested in their boys' schooling than in anything else. They are ready to make any sacrifices to give them the best as far as the boys show a willingness to make good use of it. It would not be at all strange if one of the boys went to college. In fact his mother is saving some of her egg money each week with some such possibility in mind. Maybe the other one will go to agricultural highschool and come back to the farm. They will have all the training the schools can give them and in addition they will have the invaluable education which comes from working with their parents in making their living. Each has things to do on the farm. Daily there is a demand for ability to meet new experiences which require initiative and self-reliance. These things they learn at home. Yes. There are educational facilities in Vermont, in school and outside too.

Of course not all Vermonters live just the life Exchange does. Many of them have more leisure, more comforts, more of the amenities of life. While the preponderance of life is rural, many live without any firsthand experience with the soil. Like their city brothers, they have to use cash as a medium. But they have the same feeling of security because they know the soil can give them what they need just as it is giving it to the people all around them. They know they too could do it if their mode of life had to change.

If success is measured in tall buildings, mammoth factories, big business enterprises, or in dollars, perhaps the men of Vermont are unambitious. Many of her sons have gone away from her hills and done ambitious things. Perhaps that is her job in life: to produce men to go away from her hills. Certain it is this way of life, which for generations has been sustained by the land, gives a security, a serenity, a peace, which the fluctuations of the stock market can neither give nor take away.

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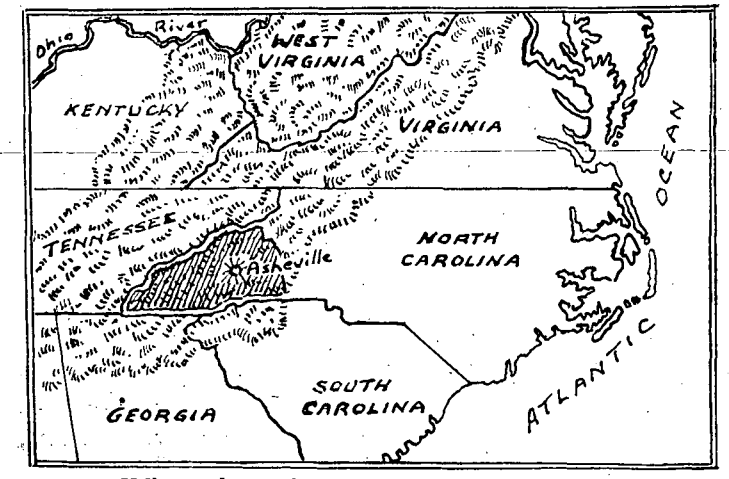
Bootstrapping Among the Pioneers

By JOHN PALMER GAVIT

THIS has to be a two-stranded story; unravel it who can. Appeals to me chiefly the tale of a Rip Van Winkle people coming-to, discovering their own salvation in their own resources—beginning to lift themselves by their own bootstraps. But there is also the picture of a man seeking a place to rest and recuperate and ambushed there by the opportunity and the happiest even if hardest labor of his life. There is temptation to make James G. K. McClure the hero of the story. In some sense he is; but how can one say which in a combustion is the more important, the fuel or the spark? Nevertheless in the last analysis the real hero is the veritable old-stock American, who for two hundred years has been living in the Blue Ridge range of the Appalachians between the Ohio River and northern Georgia. This really hundred-per-cent American, four or five millions of him now, represents an accumulation of fertility, potentially perhaps of the finest that the human race affords.

However, McClure is essential to the story. I was led to him by a smell—that indescribable spicy, humid odor, composite of grain, onions, bulbs, fertilizer, earthy aroma of growing things—seed-store atmosphere. During several visits to Asheville, North Carolina, I had passed frequently a largish building bearing the sign, "Farmers' Federation, Incorporated," whence issued that alluring fragrance, and one day I went in and found McClure in action. A sturdy, robust chap in his middle forties I should guess, above middle height and full of enterprise; dark-haired, keen-eyed, a friendly-smiling candid fellow, with little about him to suggest the "Rev. Dr." that he is. Others there were, too, mostly young and no less friendly; all intent upon the business of getting stuff in and out. Among other things bunches of rhododendron and laurel and azalea, which abound in those mountains.

"Those are going to Long Island," I was told. "Some to New England, too. It is one of our home-growing resources; getting to be quite a business."



Where the real, straight-goods Americans live

Then I remembered that I had met McClure before, at some social gathering in Asheville; had argued with him of philosophical questions, such as the difference between language and thinking; but chiefly that he had talked unquenchably about the Mountain Whites of the Blue Ridge, though I had not realized the extent to which, for fifteen years now, he has been investing himself in behalf of those poverty-beleaguered people. Poverty-beleaguered is right; for they live, if you want to call it living, upon an average cash income of something like $85 a year, plus what they can scratch out of fragmentary farms. "Poverty without actual starvation," as McClure puts it. Think of it in terms of your own family. . . . No doctors in sickness and childbirth—thousands of those children are born without medical attendance—no dental work for young or old, no shoes, no books or periodicals; a meager, ill-balanced diet; the youngsters growing up underdeveloped physically and intellectually, spiritually warped and stunted. Not slum children, not offspring of any lately-landed European peasant stock—straight-goods American, every one of them. Talk about "the American standard of living"—here it is, as something less than 5 per cent of the total population of the United States would understand the expression. And here, in terms of their physical and economic need, in an output of seeds, fertilizer, pure-bred poultry and cattle and feed for the same; in terms of purchasing and marketing, of information and initiative in the commonplace things of the farmer's life, was the Reverend Doctor James G. K. McClure in action, "helping to *do* something about it." Not so much raising that standard of living as inciting these people to raise their own.

MCCLURE awakened still older personal memories. For his people—Scotch, of course—lived in my home town of Albany, N. Y. In my boyhood I knew them. During a spell of Sunday-school attendance one of his benign old uncles was my teacher. His father, whose name he bears, was born there in 1848 and once was pastor at New Scotland, a little village in the Helderbergs not far from my own legal residence. Afterward and up to his death last winter, James Gore King McClure the elder was president of McCormick Theological Seminary in Chicago. Read the old man's History of New Scotland, or better still his The Man Who Wanted to Help, and you will understand that the missionary spirit, Scotch Presbyterian flavor, together with a canny common-sense, is in the McClure blood, along with the lure of the Heilands whence these folk came langsyne, as did the forebears of many another in the Blue Ridge.

Yet it was no consciously missionary errand that brought this McClure in 1916 into the Heilands of North Carolina. He arrived there upon a search for health, from a dour arduous pastorate in a tiny mining-town in northern Michigan, whither he went from his father's McCormick Seminary, and where if anywhere he could learn the life of the

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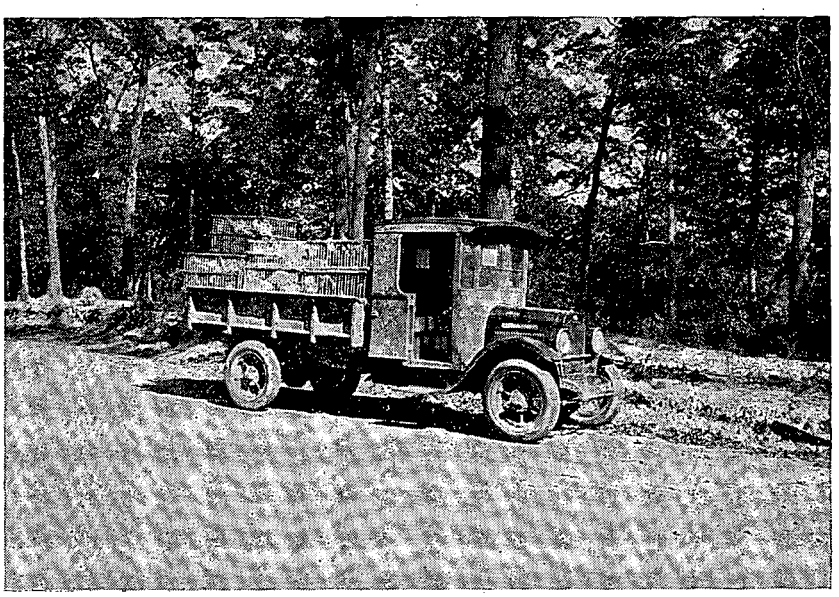
The individual farmer creeps along to market his meager crop. The Farmers Federation improves his poultry stock, sends a modern truck to get it, and markets it for him by the carload in New York City



poor. In an automobile McClure and his wife toured pretty much the whole of that vast mountain region (indicated in the sketch-map herewith). Finally they rounded up at Asheville and bought a farm, a half-hour's run eastward from the city. I suppose they fancied themselves as having lighted at last upon restfulness and quiet, such as all sane people think of in their anticipations of old age. Certainly McClure little dreamed that far from quitting he was led there to *begin!* That he was about to put soon-restored vigor of body and mind into a life-work which would not only utilize all his pastoral experience but elicit and develop hitherto unsuspected business acumen and organizing genius.

That automobile exploration had shown him far and wide among those mountains those scattered, half-cultivated farms, sometimes on the very tops of the ridges but mostly in the 'way-back gaps and coves; those sternly-watchful men, those slattern-seeming women, all keenly suspicious of any stranger's errand; those ill-nurtured, ill-clad children and skinny sullen dogs; those occasional scrubby cows, nomad swine, low-grade poultry; shambling wagons and battered sleds meandering along vague cliff-top trails and stony, deep-rutted roads. This great region has been virtually landlocked; with poor roads or none, without railroads; the life of the world has flowed by, its tidings far overhead, untouching and untouched by these native highlanders—they might as well have been living on another planet.

Survive among them the instincts and intellectual habits of the pioneers, the Lincolns, the Boones, the Crocketts, et al., from whose loins they sprang. The long rifle has been the symbol of their "rugged individualism"; they never have yielded the idea that a man with two hands, a hornful of powder, a clutch of home-brewed leaden bullets, a bag of salt and an axe can somehow wangle existence against all the obduracy of nature. Every man for himself, suspicion against all outsiders, especially such as might represent invasion of restraint upon any pretext. Even as he settled down upon his new-found place at Asheville, McClure was still on the edge of all this. On his own land indeed were half a dozen tenants, among whom only one could read and write.

Nothing could be further from my intention or from the truth than to represent McClure as a solitary Gulliver of educated intelligence, vision, initiative and human sympathy, dropping as by parachute into a desert of soggy hopelessness and illiteracy; or the movement which has developed under his leadership as an isolated forlorn hope. From many sides have been seeping into these mountains the endeavors of inspiration and education—as witness such enterprises as Berea College, the Berry School and so on, and the work of many individuals known and unknown; forward-looking teachers, occasional pastors. And the states themselves, across which these mountains sweep, have lately awakened in increasing measure to their responsibility and opportunity in the potentialities, human and material. Especially North Carolina. Nowhere in the United States has road-building, for example, made swifter progress. A back-country mountain road where five years ago my car was mired hub-deep is now broad cement. Motor-buses, backed by a cumpulsory educational law, gather up the school-children.

Moreover, Asheville itself is not in this sense a mountain town; rather is it a lively modern city, representative of the restorative, awakening process moving in. Years before McClure came, the more enterprising farmers of that vicinity had been stirring to benefit not only their own condition but that of their fellows in the hinterland. For some time there had been a local Farmers' Union, cooperatively buying a little and selling a little. McClure heard about it from a neighbor who was its secretary. It was instinctive with him to concern himself in community activities; also for his own land he responded to the urgent invitation of the facts. At

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first-hand he learned the characteristic dilemma: that the unorganized farmer has to buy at retail, sell at wholesale, and compete with his fellows in a fashion ruinous to himself and them. As he once described it:

I drive to town with a load of potatoes and start selling them at $1.50 a bushel. My neighbor does the same, and ahead of me sells at $1.45. I get ahead of him and offer mine at $1.40; he drives around me and gets some business at $1.35. Others arrive from other sections and soon the market is glutted; potatoes won't move at all. . . . About nightfall some man comes out and says, "I've got more potatoes than I need; but you don't want to haul yours back home again, and to help you out I will give you 50 cents a bushel for the load."

New chickens for old

So it was in considerable part self-interest that called McClure into participation. He helped his neighbors to analyze their problem and to face its essentials; outstandingly the fact that their procedure was too local and on too small a scale. A sketch of the history of the Farmers' Federation, published about 1924, puts in a nutshell what came to pass:

On a summer evening this little group of neighbors and friends . . . saw their situation in two parts: first, the buying of seed and feed and fertilizer by the pound was too expensive and something must be done to better prices; second, the market for farm products must be made firm and sure. . . . They appointed one of their number to place orders for enough fertilizer and seed and other supplies for the whole group, and to make arrangements to sell what the whole group produced of certain crops. It was really the beginning of the Farmers' Federation, Incorporated, which today does a business of half a million dollars a year, and numbers over 900 stockholders.

The principal obstacle was psychological. One of the older and more intelligent farmers, remembering former efforts, said to McCure early in the campaign: "You fellows have a lot of courage to think you can get the farmers together. They have quit trying; they have given up hope."

McClure brought no cut-and-dried scheme. No agitator or propagandist of any cult or 'ism incited these people. Their discontent was with themselves; with the obvious fact that they were "not at it right"; further that nobody was going to do anything about it but themselves, and nothing thus far tried had got them anywhere. What McClure did contribute was optimism, a fresh point of view and faith undiluted by experience of old failures. Beyond that, he had to learn, along with the others, as he went along. Another thing he contributed: they made him president, and during the early years he served without compensation; of late he has had a modest salary. But he was among the employes who awhile ago voted unanimously to cut their salaries 20 per cent to help meet the depression.

'Twere a long story each, with a good deal of grubby routine detail, to recount the various ways in which the Farmers' Federation, Inc., has operated in a constantly widening territory; beginning right there at Asheville but now spread over several counties indicated by the shaded patch in the map. I can mention only a few of the principal activities:

Increasingly large-scale purchase of supplies.

Organizing the collection and marketing of produce of many kinds; buying it direct from the farmer at standard prices for cash or by exchange in kind.

Creating canneries, curing-stations, storage for excess crops of potatoes, tomatoes, sweet potatoes, against later shortage and after-season sale.

Steady improvement in the breed of poultry, cattle, swine; teaching the farmers that good stock costs no more in the end and pays better.

Circulating information, inspiration, incitement to broader outlook; appreciation of resources at hand—lumber and wood products, accommodation for tourists, fishing, hunting, incomparable beauties of nature.

There are 991 stockholders in the Federation now. No matter what his investment, a stockholder has but one vote. Nobody can "buy control." And the leadership, based on brains and unselfish service, is vested in the group that earns it. The Farmers' Federation stuff goes far. About the best poultry that comes to New York City comes in its refrigerator cars. At first the car ran at a loss; it was hard to fill it; then the farmers learned of the insatiable market, and a year ago I saw figures indicating 60 cars of live poultry in six months. McClure recently wrote to me, replying to questions:

The year 1921, the first full year of our business, showed $54,000 worth of business. We got up to a peak in 1929, of $1,181,138.78. Our business last year totalled $666,088. Our tonnage remains about stationary, but the value in dollars is way off, owing to the fact that the prices of most of the commodities which we handle were cut in half.

What becomes, then, of McClure the preacher of the gospel? He never got this in McCormick Seminary! Don't worry about that. The faith of his fathers is as much to McClure as ever, and he often preaches to these mountain people who are intensely religious—overwhelmingly Protestant. And one of the outstanding activities of the Federation is the "Lord's Acre Movement" (headed by the Rev. Dumont Clark, McClure's brother-in-law, who went down there to help), a widespread custom of devoting an acre and its produce, or maybe raising a pig, a calf, or saving the Sunday eggs, for the church.

The Federation has had some help, and hopes for more, in the way of capital from outside. There are New York, Philadelphia and Detroit committees raising an "educational fund." McClure will be happy to tell you about it. But he is happiest in telling what these Americans, emerging from hibernation, are doing for themselves.

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Black and White

The Inquiring Professor Puts His Thermometer in Clothes and Shoes, Under Summer Cottage Roofs and Auto-Tops

By E. P. LYON

THIS article has nothing to do with anthropology nor racial antagonism. It does not deal with a popular form of art of the same name nor with any phase of the printing business. It is concerned with physics and has physiological implications.

Let us begin with a familiar observation. A piece of black cloth on the snow gradually sinks beneath the surface and forms a hole. A white cloth remains on top of the snow. Indeed, the snow around it may melt faster, leaving the white cloth on top of a little mound. The same phenomenon accounts for the rough surface of snow in cities a few days after a storm. Soot settles into the smooth surface. There is a little hollow where each soot particle falls. The "beautiful snow" becomes rough, pock-marked, unbeautiful.

We explain these things by saying that black absorbs the sun's rays, forming heat and melting the snow; that the white object reflects the light and heat rays, protecting the snow. But, of course, this is only a superficial explanation. In the first place, like many explanations it has the cart before the horse. What we ought to say is, not that a white object reflects light, but that an object is white because it reflects the light. It reflects all the rays—or waves—of sunlight equally and therefore gives the same visual impression as sunlight which is our standard of whiteness. An object does not absorb light because it is black. Rather it is black because it absorbs (does not reflect). The visual impression is that of absence of light as when we say the night was inky black. True, there may be a distinction between psychological blackness and absence of light, but for our purposes in this article this needs no discussion.

A more thorough-going effort to explain our fundamental observation might set forth that a black substance is one which changes that form of energy which we call radiation into another form which we call heat. It used to be customary to look upon radiant energy as a wave motion—it behaves like a wave motion. We think of heat, on the other hand, as molecular energy or molecular motion. A white object is one that has the peculiar quality of sending the radiant energy back into the medium—let us say air—through which it has been passing. No heat would be formed by a perfect reflector, therefore the temperature would not be changed.

Now of course there must be a very fundamental difference between a white surface and a black surface. The molecules of the latter must be so organized that they can be set in motion by the waves of light, visible or invisible, and therefore become warmer. The nature of this fundamental difference between black and white, that is, between substances that change light into heat and those which reflect light and do not change it into heat, is closely connected with the nature of matter itself and just now being intensively investigated by physicists and chemists.

This does not concern us. All we need to know is that black objects get warmer in the light and that white objects have little tendency to get warmer. And the question arises, is this matter of any importance to us, for we can control more or less the kinds of objects we have around us. I got to thinking about these facts and doing a few simple experiments while on my vacation during the hot weeks of July and August.

I thought about shoes—surely a practical matter. I covered one of my shoes with white cloth, the other with black cloth and pushed a thermometer into each shoe so that the bulb rested near the little toe. Then I put my feet out into the sunshine while I stayed back in the shade. I live, I might mention, in a dark attic known as a skull, and I kept that part of myself out of the sun, for it was a hot day. In ten minutes the temperature inside the shoe covered with white was 90.5 degrees Fahrenheit; inside the shoe covered with black, 96.4 degrees. (In all cases where I state temperatures it will be understood that the average of three or more tests is given.) When I quickly pulled off shoes and stockings, the foot that had been under black appeared redder than the other and it felt warmer.

Now don't assume that I have a "hot foot" on one side. I reversed the white and black coverings—made what scientists call a control experiment—and recorded similar readings within a fraction of a degree.

I varied the experiment by painting one shoe white, the other black—an old pair, for professors are all Scotch in such matters. In bright sunlight there was a difference in temperature of over eight degrees in favor of the white. In several trials the temperature in the black shoe was above body or blood temperature. I had an oven on that foot.

There can be no doubt that black shoes are appreciably warmer than white ones when worn in the sun. In the shade where there is less radiant energy there would doubtless be little difference. In shade the texture, porosity and conductivity would be of more importance than color as comfort factors.

The old woman who lived in a shoe had plenty of troubles. Probably it was a black shoe and the sun was hot.

The Moral of White Clothes

WHAT about clothing? Loafing around in bathing attire one day I covered one bare leg with white cloth, the other with black. Put both legs in the sun. Under the black the thermometer read 104 degrees and the skin felt hot. Under the white the temperature was 95 degrees. Not a very hot day either. The moral is apparent. And what

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about priests and nuns? Unfortunately I had no priests or nuns handy for experiment.

Joking aside, this matter is of practical importance. In hospitals I have seen a basket arrangement over patients with an electric light inside, the purpose being to apply gentle heat. And invariably the part to be warmed was covered with a white dressing. When I suggested black, doctors and nurses stared. Such a thing as a black dressing was beyond conception. Their physic may have been strong; their physics was weak.

Paint Your Car White

AUTOMOBILES? Many of them are black; almost all have black tops. These must absorb a good deal of heat. Is it appreciable? Cutting a little hole in the lining of my car I thrust a thermometer into the space between lining and top. On a warm but not hot day, the car standing still, windows all open, a slight wind, sun beating on the top, the temperature in this space between ceiling and top was 118.4. I covered the top with a white sheet. In half an hour the thermometer said 104. I took off the sheet. Forty minutes later the reading was 122.4. Under white it fell to 106; without the sheet it went back to 121. These experiments were between 11:50 A. M. and 2:30 P. M., the temperature in the shade being 83 to 85.

Fortunately I do not live, breathe and ride in the space between the lining and car-roof, but simultaneous readings at seat-level showed two to three degrees lower temperatures when the car was covered with white. I am sure that, from the comfort standpoint, aluminum rather than black is the indicated paint for automobile tops. If any reader cares to have his entire machine white he can be assured of less heat from absorbed sunlight. How important this might be I do not know.

A neighbor's motor-boat has a canopy covering, black on top, white beneath—a single layer of fabric with no lining. The sides are open. In a good breeze the temperature a half inch under the top ran five to six degrees cooler when a white sheet was placed over the canopy than when the black top received the sunlight direct. The black top as a good absorber is contraindicated. Having the canopy white on the side toward the passengers may be a good thing, as white is a poor radiator.

Do these ideas apply to houses? I secured two like cartons about six by twelve by eighteen inches. I painted one white on top, the other black, punched holes in the ends for my thermometers (slender chemical ones), placed the boxes in the sun—two miniature bungalows without other ceiling than the roof, the doors and windows all closed. In the sun, the black-roofed house averaged 113.7; the white-roofed house, 90.6; air outside in shade, 88.

I cut "windows" and "doors" in my pasteboard houses. With a good breeze blowing through, Black Top was four degrees warmer. But comfort is not to be measured wholly by air temperature. The occupants of Black Top would be subjected to radiation from the roof to a greater extent than those living in White Top.

My summer cabin has an open south porch ten by twenty-four feet in area. The roof is of dark red composition. There is no separate ceiling, the roof-boards of unpainted lumber constituting the upward view. I whitewashed one square yard of porch roof, covered another square yard with tarpaper, mounted three thermometers in the half-inch cracks between roof-boards and just beneath the respective types of roof. With a hot sun beating on the roof, readings were: under white, 92.8; under black, 131.7; under red, 135.

I expected that the black would be the hottest. Probably the thin air layer between the tarpaper and the roofing prevented the full effect being conducted beneath. Anyway it was demonstrated that the red roof is a jolly good absorber.

Taking temperatures one inch under the roof-boards themselves the differences were not so striking: under white, 91.8; under black, 108.6; under red, 111.4. While these experiments were in progress (11:30 A. M. to 2:10 P. M.) the temperature at breathing level in the porch varied from 90 to 93.

As I looked at the matter, in that porch I had a radiator above my head—a radiator of 240 square feet area and twenty or more degrees warmer than the air blowing through the screens. Not appreciating a radiator on such days I had the entire porch roof whitewashed. We all think the porch is cooler now. But that is psychological—not to be trusted by the scientific mind!

The best I can say from an objective standpoint is that on the porch it was formerly five or six degrees warmer at head-level than the air out under the trees. Now it shows up only a degree or two warmer. But ordinary thermometers do not tell the whole story. A hot roof like an open fire radiates "heat"—that is, it radiates and the radiation striking the skin is changed to heat. Everyone knows how a fireplace may make one's face burn at the same time that shivers are running down his spine on account of the low room-temperature, i. e., low temperature of the air in the room. Our grate-addicted ancestors used, if one may parody, to roast themselves in front and freeze behind. Anyway I'm sold to white roofs and intend next summer to have the entire cottage roof painted as white a white as the white paint man can find.

White for Winter Warmth

"ISN'T it interesting?" said a lady friend, when I told her about these experiments. "So I suppose we ought to have our roofs white in summer and back in winter." Dear lady, she missed part of the physics involved. White reflects, does not radiate well. Black absorbs and radiates. In cold weather when our houses are warmer than outdoors we want to keep our heat in. But a black roof or dark side-walls would tend to radiate it away, while white roofs and walls would tend to keep it in. That is the principle, but whether practically it is important under winter conditions I cannot say.

It seems to me that the principles here discussed, while not in any respect new, have not been given sufficient attention or publicity. House radiators are often painted white or with aluminum. They would be more efficient if black or in a dark tone. Engineers, I am told, have experimental figures on this particular item. Passenger coaches and Pullmans have black roofs. They should be white or bright metal. If you have ever at midafternoon on a hot day boarded a train that has been standing in the yards for some hours you can appreciate Heine when he says that in Hell in dog days he found it hot past all endurance. Probably the poet wore black clothes, too.

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Safe for Today

A Play in One Act

By FONROSE WAINWRIGHT

Cast of Characters

In Order of Their Speaking

MRS. FEELEY, *who lives on the floor above*
PATRICK DUGAN, *father of Mary Mullins*
JAMES DOLAN, *a young lawyer*
MARY MULLINS, *who has longed all her life for a sense of security*
PETE

SCENE, *the Mullins' front room*
TIME, *the present*

BEFORE the rise of the curtain the voices of children can be heard singing The Farmer in the Dell. The curtain rises on the front room of the Mullins' two-room, ground-floor flat on a hot night in August. The room is deserted and the only light comes from the street lamp which shines through an open window at back center and through the transom over the street-door at back left. The light is caught by the metal base of an old-fashioned oil-lamp on a table a little right of center and by the panes of glass in a heavy oak dresser against the right wall. The curtains of the window are pinned back in the hope of catching any stray breeze which might blow through the neighborhood.

CHILDREN [*singing at play in the street*]:
"The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell,
"Heigho the derry'o, the farmer in the dell."

[*There is a knock on the street door followed by a second knock and the voice of Mrs. Feeley is heard, evidently speaking from a second-story window.*]

MRS. FEELEY: What is it ye want now?

MAN'S VOICE: 'Tis me, Patrick Dugan, her father.

MRS. FEELEY: Her father is it? [*Reluctantly.*] Well, I suppose if it's her father I'll have to let ye in, though 'tis of little use you'll be.

[*Heavy footsteps are heard descending the stairway at right while the children sing.*]

CHILDREN:
"The farmer takes a wife, the farmer takes a wife,
"Heigho the derry'o, the farmer takes a wife."

[*Mrs. Feeley enters through a door down right, carrying a lighted candle. She is a large, heavy woman and her feet hurt her so she wears felt bedroom slippers. She crosses slowly to the street door and opens it with obvious reluctance. Patrick Dugan enters. He is small and even in the dim light one sees that he is an utterly futile and dilapidated human being, furtive, anxious and ingratiating but having withal a certain disarming, child-like quality. In spite of the intense heat he wears a long tan overcoat many sizes too big for him and carries in his hand a tabloid newspaper.*]

PATRICK DUGAN: Is . . . is she . . . is Mary in?

MRS. FEELEY: She is not, nor has she been since early mornin' and there's no tellin' when she will be.

PATRICK DUGAN: Has . . . has anything happened . . . since?

MRS. FEELEY: He hasn't died . . . if that's what ye want to know.

PATRICK DUGAN [*sinking into a chair by the door*]: The Holy Saints be praised!

MRS. FEELEY: I wouldn't go to praisin' any saints yet, if I was you.

PATRICK DUGAN: An' why wouldn't ye? Sure, wouldn't it have been a terrible thing for Mary if he had died? [*shivering*] Prison or . . . worse, maybe.

MRS. FEELEY: An' it may be worse for her if he don't die, as I was remarkin' to my Frankie not an hour ago. "Frankie," I says, "it may be Mary'd 'a been safer off in prison . . . when he does get out" [*sets candle on table*].

PATRICK DUGAN [*peering around*]: Was it . . . was it here it . . . happened?

MRS. FEELEY: Yes, it was right here the accident occurred.

PATRICK DUGAN [*furtively*]: It . . . it was a' accident?

MRS. FEELEY: Of course it was a' accident, Patrick Dugan. What else would it be?

PATRICK DUGAN [*apologetically*]: Of course it . . . could be nothing else.

MRS. FEELEY [*standing in front of him*]: Wasn't it my testimony in Magistrate's Court that it was a' accident got Mary out on bail? That an' the help o' young Jim Dolan, him that's a lawyer. He come to the court and took charge o' things. Mary says he used to live next door but one when ye was livin' on East Emmet Street.

PATRICK DUGAN: The Dolans, I remember well. Young Jim was always a smart bye.

MRS. FEELEY: I showed the magistrate how it was a' accident an' Jim Dolan done the rest, for the parties concerned was no help at all. Pete wasn't sayin' nothin', which wasn't to be wondered at, an' him with a bullet hole in his shoulder, an' Mary was in kind o' a blur like. But then she's been that way ever since he got to actin' so ugly. My God, ain't it hot! It must be sivin hundred at the very least [*taking newspaper from him and fanning herself with it*] an' ye with a coat on.

PATRICK DUGAN [*dramatically*]: 'Tis not o' the heat I'm thinkin', Mrs. Feeley, 'tis o' me girl, me Mary I'm thinkin'.

MRS. FEELEY [*fanning*]: Sure, 'tis about time ye was thinkin' o' Mary for 'tis of little help you've been to her, now or ever was for the matter of that; what with the drink, and never bein' able to find a satisfyin' occupation and spendin' the best part o' your days up to the Corrections. But then I suppose ye can do little about it, bein' the man ye are [*sits on sofa*].

PATRICK DUGAN [*peering around*]: 'Tis terrible dismal in here, Mrs. Feeley. Do you think we could have a little light?

MRS. FEELEY: The electric's off as ye very well know, with him not workin' for near two years and her only workin' unregular and ye not contributin' what'd ye'd call steady. [*Tolerantly.*] But I suppose we can't blame ye for bein' the man God made ye.

PATRICK DUGAN [*apprehensively*]: Is . . . is he goin' to get out soon?

MRS. FEELEY: When I sent me Frankie up to the Mercy Hospital to inquire they said he's comin' along good and it wouldn't be long before he'd be out. But *long* may mean one thing and it may mean another. It might mean a month and it might mean tonight. [*Patrick Dugan starts and looks toward window.*] But ye haven't yet told me how ye happened to hear the sad news.

PATRICK DUGAN: I heard it from one of the byes who was sent up for a week just as me time was up. A nice young fellow named Lawler from around 38th and Newstetter. Like meself, he was up for a small matter, drunk and disorderly if I remember right. He says to me, "What's your name?" "Dugan," says I, "Patrick Dugan." "Dugan," says he, "any relation to little Mary Dugan married to Pete Mullins who used to drive for the Suburban Express Company and was found shot?" "Shot," says I. "Yeah, shot," says he. "That's

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my girl, that's my Mary," I says. "She's a good girl, she wouldn't hurt a fly. She never shot him," I says. "Who says she shot him?" says he, "and maybe it's not your girl anyway," says he. "There's plenty o' Pete Mullins," says he, "and anyhow, they say it's a' accident," and he hands me that paper. [*Mrs. Feeley stops fanning, rises and crosses to the window in an attempt to read by the light of the street lamp.*] If there was more light you could read it yourself. [*Recites from memory.*] "EXPRESSMAN FOUND SHOT. WIFE OUT ON BAIL. NEIGHBORS TESTIFY. Peter J. Mullins, a former employe of the Suburban Express Company, was found shot in a ground-floor room at number 17 Shimry Lane. His wife, Mary Mullins, is out on bail pending . . ." [*He begins to whimper.*] There'll be another trial and if he dies . . .

MRS. FEELEY [*sternly*]: He *ain't goin' to die,* I told you. [*Softening.*] How about a little cup o' tea upstairs where it's cheerfuller than it is here?

PATRICK DUGAN [*reproachfully*]: I'm not the man I was when ye first knew me Mrs. Feeley, an' I never will be again after this sad occurrence. Sure, me stomach would be at me for a week if I was to take a cup o' tea an' every dawn would find me awake an' in me misery o' mind and heart. [*Ingratiatingly.*] Now, you don't happen to have a little somethin' more strengthin' an' not so wakeful as tea?

MRS. FEELEY: I have not, an' if I had, ye're the last man should have it this night.

CHILDREN [*singing*]:

"The dog takes the cat, the dog takes the cat,
"Heigho, the derry'o, the dog takes the cat."

MRS. FEELEY: My God, don't them children make a noise! They get on me nerves somethin' terrible.

[*There is a knock on the street door.*]

PATRICK DUGAN: Is it Mary do you think?

MRS. FEELEY: It is not. Mary has her key.

PATRICK DUGAN [*rising in fear*]: I'll change me mind about ye're kind invitation, Mrs. Feeley. [*Crosses down right to door.*] A cup o' tea will be very welcome an' it will be far more cheerful upstairs. I'll just go up while you're openin' the door.

[*He goes out down right and can be heard climbing the stairs. Mrs. Feeley looks after him, shakes her head and crosses slowly to street door.*]

MRS. FEELEY [*at door*]: Who is it now?

MAN'S VOICE [*outside*]: Is Mary in?

MRS. FEELEY [*opening door*]: Ye're very welcome, Jim Dolan. Come in, come in do. No, Mary's not in nor has she been since early mornin'.

[*James Dolan enters. Though the light is dim one gets the impression of a young man of determination and purpose.*]

JIM DOLAN: Where is Mary, Mrs. Feeley?

MRS. FEELEY: I don't know, Jim. Wait now till I light the lamp so we can talk better. [*She crosses to table and takes white china shade and chimney from the lamp.*] Do you happen to have a match on ye Jim? [*Jim hands her a match.*] I don't know how long it'll burn [*striking match*]. I shouldn't wonder if there's little or no oil in it, but the electric's been off a long time now on account of him not workin' and her not workin' regular.

[*The light of the lamp shows the bareness and poverty of the room, the broken horsehair sofa against left wall and the gas-ring with a kettle on it on a shelf at right by the dresser. It also shows James Dolan as a clean-cut, neatly dressed young man with a keen and compelling eye.*]

JIM DOLAN: I told her to come to the office the first thing this morning. She hasn't been there. I've been here twice before today but nobody was home.

MRS. FEELEY: That must have been when I was away to me sister-in-law's on West Ferry Avenue.

JIM DOLAN [*indicating chair to right of table*]: I'm glad of this chance to talk to you Mrs. Feeley. [*Mrs. Feeley sits.*] A lot is going to depend on your evidence.

MRS. FEELEY: Sure, didn't a lot depend on me evidence the other mornin'! Wasn't it my testimony made the magistrate let her out on bail! [*As afterthought.*] That, an' you attendin' to raisin' the bail.

JIM DOLAN [*standing behind table*]: But it isn't over, Mrs. Feeley. Mary's been admitted to bail on account of it's bein' an accident . . .

MRS. FEELEY [*interrupting*]: And it was a' accident.

JIM DOLAN [*looking her straight in the eye*]: You know it was an accident and I know it was an accident but it will be better for you to tell me the whole truth.

MRS. FEELEY: I never believe in tellin' any man the whole truth, with the possible exception of Father Grady.

JIM DOLAN: It will be a serious thing if you are not able to sustain the testimony you gave at the Magistrate's Court.

MRS. FEELEY: You're as bad as my Frankie. "Mom," says Frankie, when we got outside the court, "that was perjury." "Perjury, my God," I says, "all I said about their bein' a lovin' hard-workin' young couple, livin' as nice as you'd want to see, with never a word between 'em was the truth . . . onct . . . and if that time's gone that's none o' my business as a neighbor. My business as a neighbor was to get her off.

CHILDREN [*singing*]:

"The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell,
"Heigho, the derry'o, the farmer in the dell."

MRS. FEELEY: Listen to them kids will ye. You'd think the whole world was their's.

JIM DOLAN [*sitting*]: Tell me just what happened and how it happened. If you tell me the whole truth between us we'll get her off, not otherwise.

MRS. FEELEY: Well, it was Friday. I remember it was Friday because we was havin' a bit o' creamed salmon, Frankie and me. Pete had been in some time. I could hear him movin' around and then Mary come in. She's been workin' for about a week now, some job Miss Allen up to the Settlement got her. Good thing, too, for he's had no steady work since the Express Company laid him off over eighteen months ago and he ain't worked at all for over a year. Well, there was words and he got talkin' loud and his voice sounded kind o' ugly. And then all of a sudden come a shot. "Holy Mother of God, protect us, he's shot her!" I says and I runs down the stairs, the salmon still hot in me mouth an' Frankie at me heels. When I reaches the foot of the stairs, I sees . . .

JIM DOLAN [*eagerly bending toward her*]: What did you see?

MRS. FEELEY: I sees Pete lyin' acrost the table here, an' the blood comin' out on the cloth . . .

JIM DOLAN [*interrupting*]: And Mary?

MRS. FEELEY: Mary was standin' over there be the dresser [*points*] white as a ghost. . . .

JIM DOLAN: And the pistol?

PATRICK DUGAN [*plaintively from above*]: Aren't ye comin' up at all, Mrs. Feeley?

MRS. FEELEY: Ye'll pardon me, Jim, [*rises and picks up candlestick*] but there's someone up there who won't help matters any by knowin' what we're talkin' about. Not that he won't mean to do right but bein' the man he is, he's never done it yet. [*Crossing to stairs.*] I'll be right up, Patrick Dugan. [*To Jim.*] I'll get him quieted down an' then I'll be back to tell ye the rest. [*She goes out right.*]

[*Left to himself, Jim Dolan lights a cigarette and paces up and down the room. The voices of the children can be heard. A key turns and the door opens swiftly. Mary Mullins enters and closes it behind her. She is about twenty-four years old, slight, very pale and weary looking with dark circles under her eyes. There is a hunted look about her but as though she were hunted from within rather than without. She stands, her thin shoulders against the door, facing the room. She is used to facing things.*]

JIM DOLAN: Mary!

MARY [*relief in her voice*]: Jim! Gee, I'm glad it's you. I seen the light in the window as I come down the street and I thought . . .

JIM DOLAN [*crossing to her*]: Mary, why didn't you come to the office this morning like I told you to?

MARY [*as though in a haze*]: I didn't know I was to come to the office.

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JIM DOLAN [*as though speaking to a child*]: Yes, you did. [*Taking her arm and leading her to a chair by the table.*] Don't you remember at the Magistrate's Court? Don't you remember me telling you I had to go to Jersey for Sunday but for you to come to the office the first thing Monday morning, to talk about the defense?

MARY [*brushing her hand across her eyes as though to remember*]: No, I don't remember, Jim, I don't remember. [*Sits.*] But I couldn't have come anyway even if I had remembered because you see I'm workin' now, up at the Y. pool, sortin' bathin' suits, 36's, 38's, 40's—you know. Miss Allen went to a lot of trouble to get me the job and I couldn't very well disappoint her and anyhow I couldn't risk missin' another day. They might have fired me. I couldn't risk that, Jim, especially not now when. . . .

CHILDREN:

"The wife takes a child, the wife takes a child,
"Heigho, the derry'o, the wife takes a child."

MARY [*crossing to window*]: God, how young they sound, how young.

JIM DOLAN: Mary, you must listen to me. We've got to talk about . . .

MARY [*interrupting wearily*]: Not tonight. I just can't talk tonight . . . I'm so tired.

JIM DOLAN [*gently*]: I know, you poor kid, but I'm afraid you'll have to. I wanted to talk to you before you said anything to anybody.

MARY [*comes back to table*]: I haven't said anything to anybody. I wouldn't [*Sits*]. What is it you want to talk about, Jim?

JIM DOLAN: About the defense.

MARY [*bewildered*]: The defense?

JIM DOLAN: Yes, I want you to tell me just how the accident occurred.

MARY [*looking him straight in the eye*]: You know it wasn't an accident. Mrs. Feeley knows it wasn't an accident. Even the magistrate don't really believe it was an accident.

JIM DOLAN: The testimony showed it was an accident. Unless the magistrate was sufficiently convinced it was an accident you'd never have been admitted to bail.

MARY: That was you, Jim, done all that. It was awful good of you when you really believe I shot Pete.

JIM DOLAN [*pacing the floor*]: Don't talk like that, for God's sake!

MARY: It's the truth.

JIM DOLAN [*desperately*]: If you shot him it was like this. He'd been drinking and . . .

MARY: He never used to drink.

JIM DOLAN: Yes, but he's been drinking ever since you moved down here. I found that out. And he's known to be ugly and full of fight when he has the drink in him. You came in and there were words. He got abusive and took the pistol out of the drawer and threatened you with it. You saw he was dangerous from the drink and you tried to take the pistol from him and it went off and shot him in the shoulder. That's the way it happened!

MARY [*gravely*]: No, it didn't happen like that . . . at least not just like that. But if I didn't know it had happened different I'd believe it was that way [*smiling sadly*]. I guess you're a good lawyer, Jim. Some of it's like you said. He had been drinkin' and when I told him somethin' he raised his hand to strike me, but he was nowheres near the pistol. He'd forgot all about it. He hadn't even seen it since he was laid off from the Express Company near two years ago. When we give up housekeepin' and come down here to these rooms I hid it in the back of the dresser drawer.

JIM DOLAN: Don't talk nonsense [*mopping his forehead*]. If you shot him it was in self-defense, to keep him from doing you bodily harm.

MARY [*patiently*]: No, it wasn't to keep him from doing me bodily harm I shot him.

JIM DOLAN: Mary, you've got to be reasonable. Just because you're out on bail doesn't mean you're safe.

MARY: Safe [*rising*]. I'm not so used to being safe that I expect it. You know that. You remember when I was a little girl, living near you on East Emmet Street. You know how it was with us then, Jim. We was always an uncertain-livin' family, we Dugans. That was on account of him, my father, never working steady. If he didn't like a job he'd have words and quit. We'd never know when we'd eat or when we'd go hungry. . . . It didn't seem to bother him any. I suppose he's made that way and you can't blame him. But my mother wasn't made that way! She couldn't stand never knowin' whether we'd have coal or be freezin', or whether we'd be able to pay the rent or be turned into the street . . . or whether he was goin' to come home laughin' and jokin' or not himself with the drink. She couldn't stand it. It wasn't until she was dead and laid out I ever saw her lookin' peaceful or safe. I used to think, O God what wouldn't I give to feel safe if only for a little. Just to wake up in the morning and say, "I don't have to worry, I'm safe for today." [*Sits exhausted.*]

JIM DOLAN [*embarrassed by her intensity*]: You started working when you were pretty young, didn't you?

MARY: As soon as I could quit school I went to work at the collar and cuff factory, turning in corners.

JIM DOLAN [*trying to lead her back to the subject of the defense*]: And Pete? [*Sits.*]

MARY: I was just comin' to Pete. One night I went to a dance and I met Pete. I liked him from the first. The thing I liked best about him was that he was more unlike my father than any man I'd ever seen. Just standin' near him made me feel safe. [*Pause and the sound of children's voices.*] He liked me, too, I guess, and we got married and went to housekeepin' in a little house on Jefferson Street.

JIM DOLAN: I know.

MARY: Pete was a good worker and didn't drink none so he'd saved up a little and we had the house furnished nice; a three-piece parlor suite and electric lamps and a radio and all. Some we bought outright and some we bought on time and we started buyin' the house. When we knew we was goin' to have a baby I don't know which of us was happiest. We'd both made up our minds to one thing: our baby was going to be safe. [*Pause and the sound of children's voices.*] The day the baby was born Pete was laid off. I guess we was silly not to see it comin' but somehow we never thought *he'd* be laid off. He'd been workin' since he was fourteen. He'd never been out of work but three days in all that time. [*Pause.*] After he was laid off things begun to go, the furniture and all, but I didn't seem to mind. I was used to doin' without things and I had Pete and the baby so the rest didn't matter. Pete got work now and then. He had a good name for workin' and he was ready to try anything, but nothin' lasted long. And then he begun to act different from hisself, strange and worried like—and then I got worried. One week the coal gave out and the house got terrible cold. I should have asked for help but I wasn't used to askin' for things, nor Pete neither. And then Petie, the baby, took sick all of a sudden. Pneumonia. [*Pause.*] When he died I thought I couldn't stand it but I could. . . . Somehow it seemed better for Petie to die than to grow up with people who was worried all the time. After that I thought there was nothin' I couldn't stand. [*The lamp begins to flicker.*] It's the oil givin' out. [*She continues as though in a trance.*] Then the house went and the money we'd paid down, and we moved down here but I didn't seem to care. Pete had started drinkin' but I thought there was nothin' I couldn't stand. [*The lamp goes out.*] One day I was passin' a house and I heard a man cursin' a woman and he raised his hand and struck her. Then I knew there was one thing I could never stand; one thing I could never let happen no matter what I did to stop it. . . . I knew if Pete struck me there was *nothin'* could ever make me *safe* again!

[*The room has become so dark the figures of Jim and Mary are lost in obscurity.*]

CHILDREN:

"The farmer in the dell, the farmer in the dell,
"Heigho, the derry'o, the farmer in the dell."

[*The form of a man is silhouetted against the window screen. There is complete silence in the room.*]

MAN'S VOICE [*at window*]: Mary. [*Silence.*] Mary, are you there?

MARY [*without moving*]: Yes, Pete, I'm here.

PETE: God, I'm glad.

MARY: What is it you want? (*Continued on page* 317)

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Letters & Life

Edited by LEON WHIPPLE

Young Men Speak

CHALLENGE TO DEFEAT, *by William Harlan Hale. Harcourt-Brace.* 209 *pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
THE AMERICAN JITTERS, *by Edmund Wilson. Scribner's.* 313 *pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
FEAR AND TREMBLING, *by Glenway Westcott. Harper.* 370 *pp. Price* $3.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*
AMERICAN OUTPOST, *by Upton Sinclair. Farrar & Rinehart.* 280 *pp. Price* $2.50 *postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

WHAT is youth thinking and feeling these days? This question of last resort is important for it becomes clear that the old or even middle-aged have little to offer. Their ideas came from a society that is dissolving before our eyes; their message is on record; they begin to date. The young men may respect the services of Dreiser, Mencken, Lewis, Anderson, Cather et al., but they do not look to them for leadership. They are drawing new charts for a new age, with a kind of desperate courage and sincerity. These several books may not be important in themselves but are very important as signs.

All sense that they are living between two ages. Harlan Hale puts it that "a world order is dissolving." Therefore they know they shall have to endure and sacrifice and adjust their personal fortunes and ambitions to transition. This consciousness of change and confusion is bitter, for in the past transition ages were not recognized by the participants: they thought they were having just as fruitful lives as any other generation.

Second, they feel that they must disentangle themselves from the outworn thinking and misguided feeling of the old system. So Edmund Wilson reports with great skill and clarity what the American scene looked like to him in the year of the slump. He pictures the Detroit of Ford, Los Angeles and revivalism, the struggles of communists, Negroes, farmers and strikers for any kind of justice, Red Cross relief, liberal petitioners and such decorative symbols as the New School for Social Research and the cinema. He concludes that this society is foolish, stupid, empty of values and full of injustice. That he omits any good and beautiful aspects is perhaps only to be expected of his mood. Then he records the futility and decay of the so-called "best people" who tried to be satisfied with making money and owning things they were taught to want by mass advertising. They really possess nothing of rich and lasting value within or without, and their sense of superiority is vainglory. "They do not talk like people who are up to anything in particular."

—Money-making has come to an end; we must look for other ideals than those capitalism encouraged. Wilson sees few signs of these yet, but thinks a new generation of cool-headed revolutionary radicals is coming along who will adopt the Russian concept of communism and class—as he does himself. For final axioms, he believes in human evolution, progress helped by machines if wisely used, a levelling of classes into a sound society run for the common good. Some such faith is necessary or else acceptance of the outworn creed of the dying churches. We find here no plans or next steps; he is giving a picture of what is false and ended.

The third need the young men feel is for a philosophy to keep them sane and help them get on with the day's work. They are through with jazz and gin, pessimism and suicide. So the important note in Hale's study of the debacle of art and science in the century from Goethe to Spengler is his defiant challenge to pessimism, because "the irrevocable essence of man's nature calls him to rebuild the structure he so proudly overthrew." Hale studies culture rather than government, and if his ideas are not new, they are often inspiring. He shows how for a hundred years we made a science that had no place for man and an art that was so introspective and fragmentary that it was divorced almost unintelligibly from the outer world and human living. At the end we reached the denial of humanity, the revolt against reason, and the disappearance of reality in the abstractions of science, with Spengler the prophet of this empty world. Now we need a science that has room for man's spirit, and a less subjective art to deal with life as a whole, not as mind v. matter, or man v. nature, but an organism in which reason and imagination may meet again. Mr. Hale offers only again stoic endurance at the moment, but he puts a barrier across certain blind alleys of the past, and points toward an open road. And Mr. Hale is twenty-one! The generation that can discover already so much poise, clarity, and defiance in its striplings need not be wept over.

Glenway Westcott's moody endeavor to think himself into some root ideas about the good life is in a sense more practical than the other books, despite its vapors, rambling and often muddy style. For it has a troubled emotional quality they sacrifice to clarity and criticism, and it reveals the struggle of a sensitive young creator to find out what to do personally about the day's living. About love and marriage, birth control, population, war, religion, authorship, the democracy, and God. Here is a kind of stream-of-consciousness revelation of the tortures, doubts, fears, vague hopes of one of the young generation at grips with his soul in a kaleidoscopic world. Question explodes after question; there are few answers, and no central thesis; yet this is an important book for its urge rather than for its dogma. We should read and ponder to learn sympathy with the spiritual suffering of the young men. Their stoicism is but a thin veil.

To realize how they suffer searching for values you may perhaps dip into Upton Sinclair's story of his own young days, about 1900 to about 1912. He had a faith, in democracy and in America, and an enemy to battle with, the System. Life was a gorgeous adventure; love an ecstacy; poetry and novels great deeds; and Utopia just around the corner. No questions here of the decline of the West, or the discovery of possible values in living, or a toss-up between madness and suicide. The young knight-errant fought dragons and gained rewards from fair ladies. The days of real sport! That Upton Sinclair is not so certain now and can even look at his dead youth with a half-humorous squint, quite new in his work, is beside the point. He had a grand time of which American Outpost is the amusing personal tale.

We elders can only hope that the new seeking will become a brave adventure. The knowledge and the materials for conquest are ready to hand. Only the spirit is in doubt. The young men are proving their courage and energy. May they build a faith and some day, not too far, find the joy that should adorn youth.

LEON WHIPPLE

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Jane Addams on Death

THE EXCELLENT BECOMES THE PERMANENT, *by Jane Addams. Macmillan. 162 pp. Price $1.75 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

IN an introduction Miss Addams admits to the "eager determination to hold fast to links which shall unite those who live in time and space with those who dwell in the timeless unseen." She suspects that among the causes which lessen the tendency to dwell upon and seek to resolve the problems of that unseen, may be the preoccupation of our generation with social conditions and the overwhelming desire to better them; and the disheartening effects of our "inadequacy to marshal the moral forces capable of breaking what must be broken and building what must be built, to reconstruct our social relationships through a regeneration of the human heart." Characteristically she begins her account of the reactions and beliefs which motivate her own motions in that direction, with the recapitulated account of the passing of half a dozen of her co-workers in the business of establishing moral control out of the "need to make tolerable the helplessness of man," to draw from them discoveries valuable to the wholehearted search for truth, and to add to them the reactions which came to her personally one winter in Egypt, when she came closely into touch with the primitive emotions of the race.

Contemplating the death of members of her fellowship, she arrives at perceptions of the meaning of life which throw reflected gleams upon the meaning of death. She quotes in reference to Henry Demarest Lloyd the saying of a wise man that his ardor recalls "the belief that a new degree of virtue is possible, acts as a genuine creative force in human affairs . . . bringing once more the heavenly and the perfect into the consciousness of man." Of Alice Kellogg Tyler she says: "But in a death such as this there is a note of certainty and distinction. Our belief in the life to come is for the moment made secure because one personality is so sincere that it has become a verity and a reality; and our minds are stretched—to think of eternity not as duration of time but as a certain quality of the soul which, once attained, can never cease to exist." In reference to the death of Canon Samuel A. Barnett she says: "I had a sudden conviction that the beauty of godliness is a real thing—so beautiful as to be congruous with the song of the nightingale and with evening light shining through the boles of trees . . . that it was not inevitable that we should always experience a peculiar disappointment, a sense of conspicuous failure when human nature inadvertently measures itself against a moment of poignant beauty in the outer world."

It is in this fashion that Miss Addams learns about death from life, from the measure of the deathless qualities in life sincerely lived "not in contention with others, but for the help, delight and honor of others, and for the joy and peace of our own lives."

In the chapter on Early Reactions to Death, we come closer to Miss Addams's own experience. Brought into direct touch with the early Egyptian expression of man's thought about death she finds herself living over the emotions of her childhood, the effort to defeat the terrors of death by the power of physical bulk, the sheer mass of the pyramids and the nearing walls of the *mastaba*. And next the effort to overcome the familiar terror more subtly by magic tricks, by formulas and suggestive devices inscribed on tomb walls and sarcophagi. By the resurgence of childish sympathy with these instinctive efforts to "wrest something thrilling out of the environing realm of the supernatural." The memory brought back certain incidents of her own childhood and lent a poignant interpretation to the Egyptian scene in which the newly dead are portrayed as sorely perplexed as to the partialities and injustices of mortal life. The vividness of the apprehensions thus evoked awakens a singular sense of intimacy with the experiences indicated, arouses the speculation of death itself being beneficent, to be calmly accepted as a necessary part of an ordered universe.

"Something of the Egyptian feeling for Osiris, the god to whom was attributed the romance of a hero, the character of a benefactor and a redeemer, came to me through long forgotten sensations," says Miss Addams, and rises reassuringly in the belief, "the most precious

(*Continued on page* 315)

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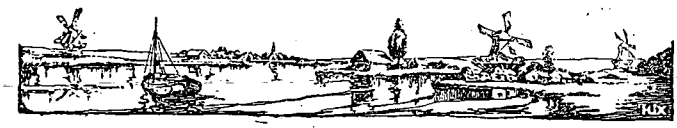
Traveler's Notebook



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A Day at Chartres

IF you are wise, while you are in Paris you will choose the first clear, bright day for your excursion to Chartres. (Needless to say one goes to Chartres to see the cathedral.) Assuming that you have snubbed the tourist charabancs and have set out independently on the nine-something very fast train from Gare Montparnasse, by four o'clock you will have had so rich an experience that the return to Paris and the cafe terrace will be less a shock if it is gradual. Take the omnibus train which leaves at frequent intervals from the Chartres station and ride about twelve minutes and past several intervening stops to Jouy, a not at all notable village except for its little Hotel de la Provence and its gracious, smiling maitre d'hotel. From the station at Jouy, you will find your way to the hotel by asking each passerby in his turn and on the fourth inquiry you will find that you have learned to aspirate your "h" and give precisely the correct nasal quality to the "en" in "Provence." The maitre d'hotel will come forward eagerly to greet you and when you have told him that you plan to be hungry at about seven o'clock, he will let you choose among the modest suggestions he makes the dishes that will best appease your today's appetite. These he will prepare for you in masterly fashion while you rest comfortably in his peaceful little garden or climb yonder hill and stretch out on the grass to let your eyes rove over a magnificent sweep of green country and soft twilight sky. At seven, as arranged, you are sitting before exactly the right dish in just the right atmosphere to envelope your day at Chartres in precisely the degree of mellowness that will waft you back to Paris on a not-too-late train and make the whole day an unforgettable experience.

EDITH DAVIS

Twenty Rules for Travelers[1]

Do unto the other fellow in his country as you would like to have him do unto you in yours.

Go abroad to learn how things are done outside America, not to declaim to others how much better everything is done at home.

Don't think that the louder you talk the more apt you are to be understood—and appreciated!

If you love children, show that you do even if you can't say it. It is the way to the hearts of most foreigners.

A small tip with a smile often goes further than a large tip with a scowl.

Remember, when traveling abroad, that you are unofficially representing your country and that by your actions it is being judged.

Be careful whose advice you take when planning your tour. There are few subjects on which so many people give misinformation as on foreign travel.

Plan your trip as if you were building a house: so much ground to cover, so much money to spend, such-and-such needs to consider. Don't think it's "smart" to be vague, indefinite, undecided. It's "green"!

Proper preparation trebles the value of travel and certainly doesn't spoil any of the pleasure.

Don't try to fit yourself to a ready-made itinerary. Get one made to your special order. And pick an "architect" who not only knows Europe, but makes an effort to know *you*.

Motor when you can. You get a much more intimate sense of a country and its people than in train travel.

Travel light if you can.

A thoroughly enjoyable low-brow trip is worth more than a thoroughly miserable high-brow tour: but your travel need not be of either extreme.

Don't suppose that an ardor for culture will seize you on European soil. It will develop if you give it a chance—but it's no mushroom.

Don't worry. It is astounding how few unpleasant things happen to travelers abroad. It is one of the safest of adventures—unless you're looking for mischief.

Don't hurry. If you have too little time for a place cut down the number of things you try to see there. One unforgettable impression is far better than a jumble.

Don't try to see everything on the map. It is no more pardonable than trying to eat everything on the bill-of-fare. And the results are similar.

Don't act as if you had mental arthritis and couldn't bend. One of the reasons for going abroad is to see how flexible you are.

Keep promising yourself as you travel that you're going to read about the trip when you get home. And when you get home, *keep the promise.*

The best League of Nations is that of travelers seeking to find much in common with their hosts.

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[1] From So You're Going to Ireland and Scotland, by Clara E. Laughlin. Houghton Mifflin. 397 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.

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(*Continued from page* 313) possession of this generation, that no altar at which living men have once devoutly worshipped . . . no gentle myth in which former generations have found solace can lose all significance for us, the survivors."
Santa Fé, New Mexico MARY AUSTIN

Circus Fans Go Liter'y

THE CIRCUS FROM ROME TO RINGLING, *by Earl Chapin May. Duffield & Green. 332 pp. Price $3 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

THE Circus Fans, now a national organization of no small prestige around the white tops, was formed less than a decade ago by those never-aging boys who once carried water to the elephants. Among the objectives of the CFA was a history of the circus. Certain members had collections of *circusiana.* Others were authors of national repute. But no history came till Horace Green of Duffield and Green recognized the popular appeal of such a book and sought for just the right author. Thus Earl Chapin May stepped into his present unchallenged position as the writer-supreme of the circus. P. T. Barnum, W. C. Coup, Conklin, Gil Robinson, and those moderns Charles Bernard, Fletcher Smith and our own Bob Sherwood had the same opportunity but preferred to reminisce. Dixie Willson has just given us the most delightful circus book of all time, but it is personal. Josie de Mott showed us the soul of the circus. Honest Ed Norwood took us into the "back yard" on personally conducted tours. Ryley Cooper—well, what hasn't he told us? And Beverley Kelley immortalized the circus in the National Geographic Magazine, no mean achievement. But Earl May has combined all these writers.

He has done more. He has drawn on the collections of Karl Knecht, Colonel Sturtevant, Kelty, Walter Scholl, Charles Bernard, Charles Andress, the Billboard, and his own life.

Rome to Ringling is not only May's. May has been feted for it. And few books of the year have had the same number and quality of reviews. But mostly it belongs to every real American, to every one of us who has even a passing interest in America's most unique and universal amusement. May the circus always have a Ringling to manage it and a May to tell of its past and present. HUGH GRANT ROWELL, M.D.
Seth B. Howes Tent, Circus Fans of America

Old Dualism

MAN COMES OF AGE, *by John Langdon-Davies. Macmillan. 265 pp. Price $3.50 postpaid of Survey Graphic.*

SCIENCE, the methods and investigations of science, with "the true metaphysics that is mathematics," constitute the world of reality; art, ethics, religion, the search for happiness, constitute the world of common-sense, or make-believe. Science can tell only how things act; make-believe alone attempts to say what or why things are. Such is the central thesis of Mr. Langdon-Davies' new book.

The religion which is left when Mr. Langdon-Davies has shorn that term of all its historical connotations, may seem, whatever its desirability as a happiness-producer, to be rather less than nothing. It is an emotional attitude, nothing more, and would be deeply unsatisfying to any mind in essence religiously inclined. But the thesis is interesting, even if it is nothing more; and the book performs one needed service—it makes plain to the layman both the reasons why scientific descriptions and hypotheses are so often misleading to the untrained reader, and why their essential nature leads so many of their own distinguished exponents into byways of thought and feeling that eventuate in a futile pseudo-philosophy.

As a companion volume to the author's Man and His Universe, this is indispensable. Those whom Mr. Langdon-Davies inspired by the previous book will be newly fired, and those whom he irritated will once again froth at the mouth. If we must have philosophical interpretations of scientific achievement —and it would seem that we must—then it is fortunate that they should be written by authors thoroughly grounded in both contemporary physics and contemporary biology, and capable besides of ingratiating themselves with the uninformed and the not too badly prejudiced. Such an author is Mr. Langdon-Davies; let us therefore give thanks, and not investigate too closely the fundamental strength of some of his theses.
President, Science League of America MAYNARD SHIPLEY

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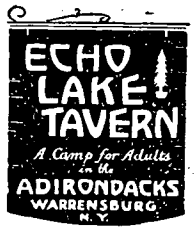

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AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION—450 Seventh Ave., New York. Herbert Hoover, Honorary President; Philip Van Ingen, M.D., Secretary; S. J. Crumbine, M.D., General Executive. Objects: Sound promotion of child health, especially in co-operation with the official health and education agencies.

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THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE, INC.—Dr. William H. Welch, honorary president; Dr. Charles P. Emerson, president; Dr. C. M. Hincks, general director; Clifford W. Beers, secretary; 450 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, child guidance, mental disease, mental defect, psychiatric social work and other related topics. Catalogue of publications sent on request. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $3.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin," monthly $1.00 a year.

NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS—Lewis H. Carris, Managing Director; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, Associate Director; Eleanor P. Brown, Secretary, 450 Seventh Avenue, New York. Studies scientific advance in medical and pedagogical knowledge and disseminates practical information as to ways of preventing blindness and conserving sight. Literature, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, charts and co-operation in sight-saving projects available on request.

Home Economics

AMERICAN HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION—Alice L. Edwards, executive secretary, 620 Mills Bldg., Washington, D. C. Organized for betterment of conditions on home, school, institution and community. Publishes monthly Journal of Home Economics; office of editor, 620 Mills Bldg., Washington, D. C.; of business manager, 101 East 20th St., Baltimore, Md.

National Conference

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Frank J. Bruno, president, St. Louis; Howard R. Knight, secretary; 82 N. High St., Columbus, Ohio. The Conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting, and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The sixtieth annual convention of the Conference will be held in Detroit, June 11-17, 1933. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

Racial Cooperation

COMMISSION ON INTERRACIAL CO-OPERATION—703 Standard Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.; Will W. Alexander, Director. Seeks improvement of interracial attitudes and conditions through conference, cooperation, and popular education. Correspondence invited.

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE—For social service among Negroes. L. Hollingsworth Wood, pres.; Eugene Kinckle Jones, exec. sec'y; 1133 Broadway, New York. Establishes committees of white and colored people to work out community problems. Trains Negro social workers. Publishes "Opportunity"—a "journal of Negro life."

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NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Anna V. Rice, general secretary; Miss Emma Hirth, associate secretary; 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of secretaries for advisory service in relation to the work of 1,288 local Y.W.C.A.'s in the United States with industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, colored and younger girls. It has 85 American secretaries at work in 39 centers in 15 countries in the Orient, Latin America and Europe.

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JOINT VOCATIONAL SERVICE, INC.—Offers vocational information, counsel, and placement in social work and public health nursing. Non-profit making. Sponsored as national, authorized agency for these fields by American Association of Social Workers and National Organization for Public Health Nursing. National office, 130 E. 22nd St., New York City. District office (for social work), 270 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.

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(*Continued from page* 311) PETE: Are you all right, Mary?

MARY: Yes, I'm all right.

PETE: Have you got a lawyer?

MARY: Yes.

PETE: I got thinkin' about it layin' there, I got thinkin' you'd ought to have Jim Dolan. I always heard he was smart.

MARY: Yes.

PETE: Because at the trial I'm goin' to testify. I'm goin' to tell everything.

MARY [*crossing to window*]: Pete! You wouldn't do that!

PETE: Yeah. It's best, but I wanted you to know it.

MARY [*deeply reproachful*]: But *you* can't be the one to tell.

[*Pete moves and the light from the street lamp shines full on him. Framed in the window, the screen between him and the room, he is like a lighted picture on a dark wall. His head is bare and his right arm is in a sling. He gives the impression of a man used to outdoor work who has counted on his physical strength and determination of purpose to get him what he wanted. There is a look of intense suffering on his face but it is not so much the look of physical pain as the pain of perplexity; the suffering of one who, unused to thinking, has been forced to think.*]

PETE: It won't be easy for I ain't a good talker an' I've never told nobody. Not you even. But I've had a lot of time to think while I was layin' there and I've made up me mind to get it off of me chest.

MARY [*horrified*]: You can't! It ain't that I'm scared, honest. But *you* can't!

PETE: I'll skip the part when I was a kid and was handed 'round from one relative to another an' was just one more mouth to feed; and how I made up me mind I was goin' to work harder'n any kid in the neighborhood so's I had a right to all I got. That's part of it but it's nobody's business.

MARY [*bewildered*]: No, Pete, it ain't.

PETE: What I am goin' to tell 'em is that from the time I was fourteen till I was laid off by the Suburban I'd never been out of work but three days. I'm goin' to tell 'em I never bothered with the crowd and never bothered with the drink no matter how I felt like it. And it's the truth—and why? Because I'd made up me mind I was goin' to be able to give my wife and kids a home they could be proud of. And you know I done it, Mary. I had it furnished nice, like a little palace.

MARY [*softly*]: Yes, it was like that.

PETE: An' then me job went, an' me kid went, an' me home went, an' all the nice things we'd bought went. Some of 'em 'll maybe not understand. Some of 'em 'll be like you maybe, an' things will just be *things* to 'em. But there'll be some who'll know that sofas and lamps and things ain't just sofas an' lamps but they're what makes you feel you're a certain livin' man, able to give your wife and kid the things that make life safe. They'll know you have to be a strong man to know your wife an' kids ain't safe and never will be, or else a weak one like your Dad. They'll know how I felt when you told me there was another kid comin'. They'll know I ain't a strong man but I'm goin' to tell 'em an' let 'em make out of it what they want.

MARY [*deeply shocked*]: You'd tell strangers things like that?

PETE: Yeah, 'cause then maybe they'll understand the reason . . .

MARY [*bewildered*]: The reason?

PETE: Yeah, the reason I pulled the gun an' shot meself.

MARY: Shot . . . yourself?

PETE: Yeah. I wanted you to know. I thought you might sleep better tonight. I thought you might feel safer when you waked up in the mornin'. [*Pause.*] Goodnight, Mary. [*He turns and disappears.*]

MARY: Goodnight, Pete. [*Suddenly realizing he has gone.*] Pete, Pete. [*She runs out the door into the street.*] Come back, Pete, I want you.

MRS. FEELEY [*entering right, a lighted candle in her hand*]: Are you still there, Jim Dolan? He's fell asleep, the poor miserable little fellar, so I'll just finish tellin' ye how the accident occurred.

CURTAIN

[*While the children sing,* The rat took the cheese.]

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